Khrushchevism on Trial
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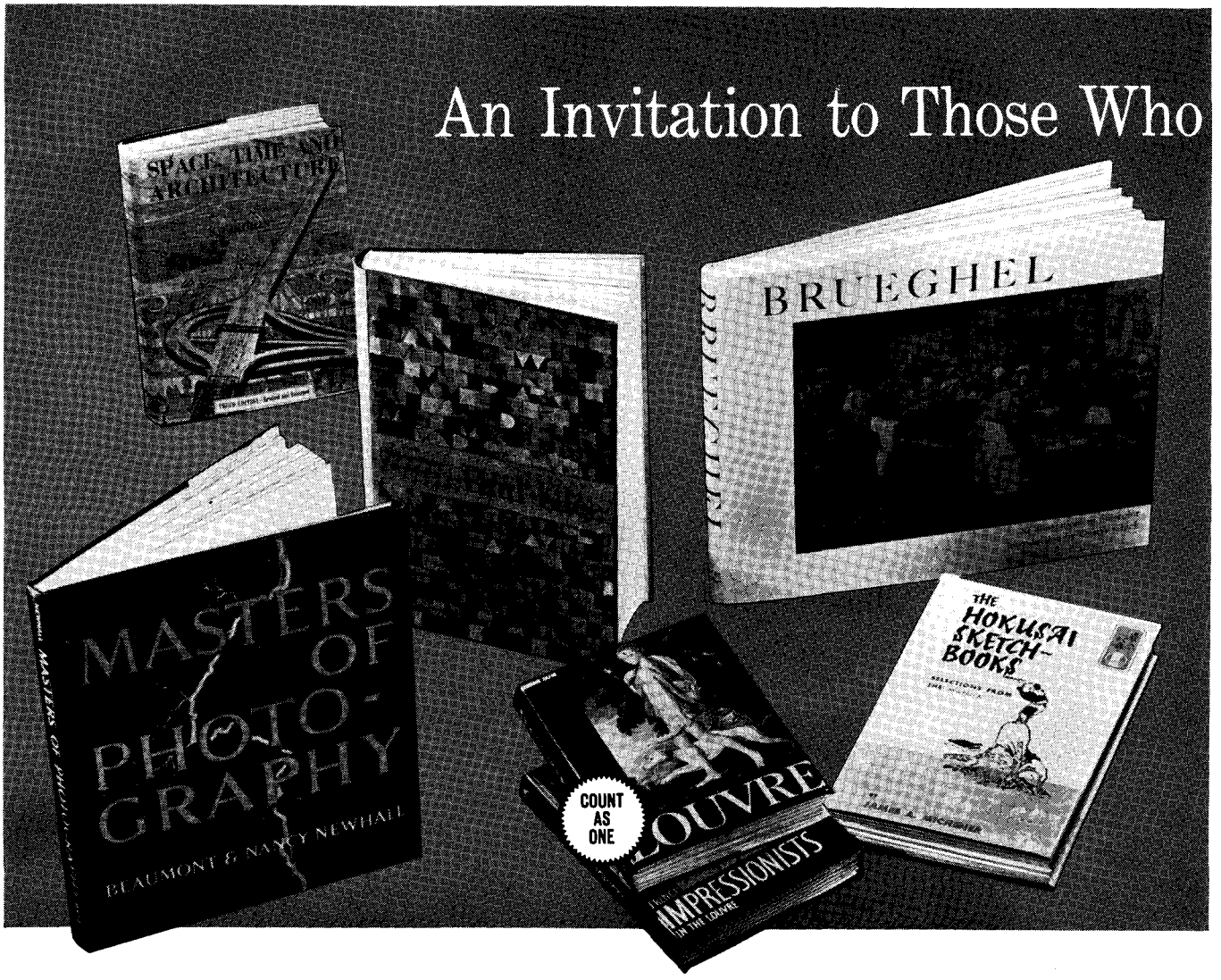

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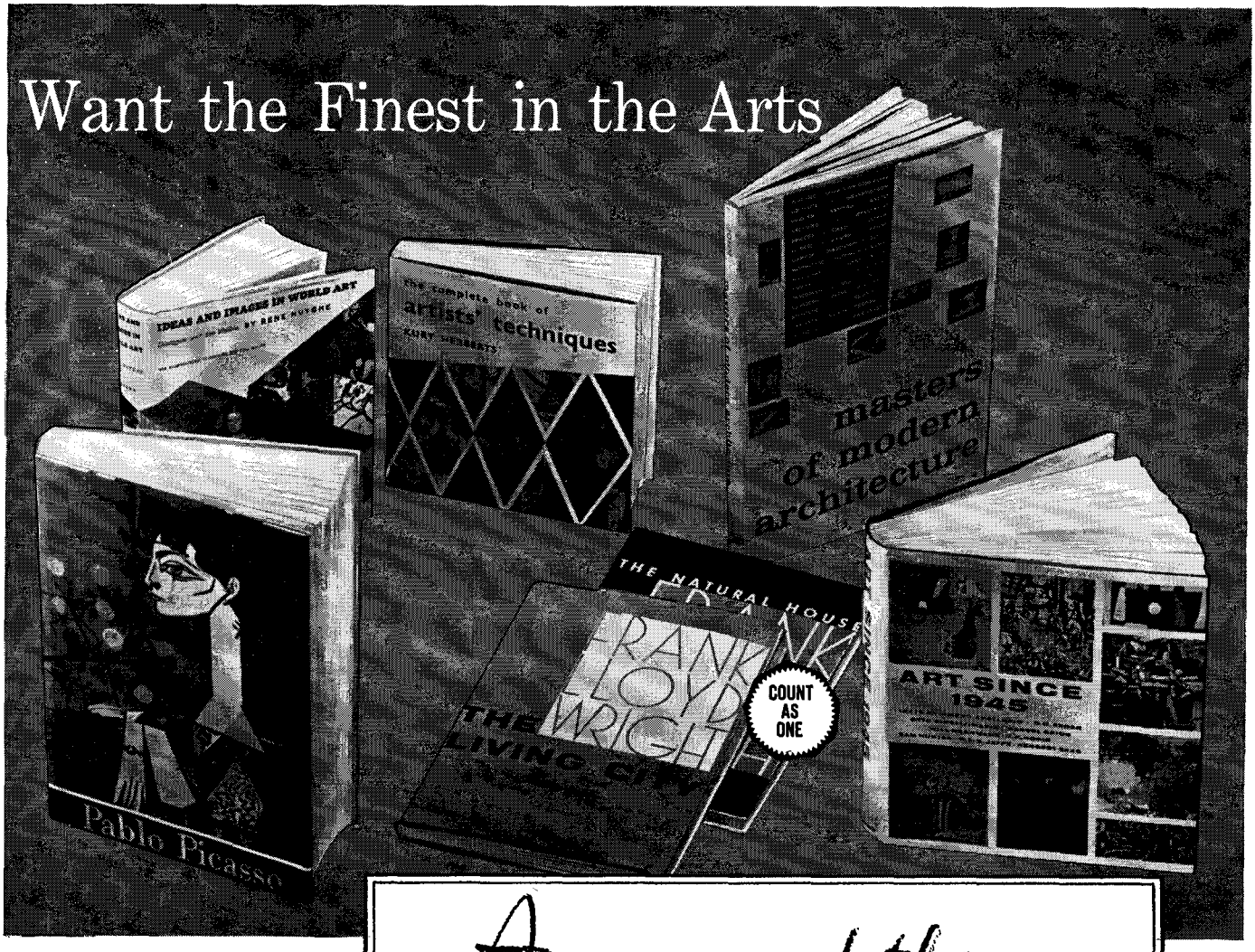

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Birth Control of Nations

The majority of the nations in the world today, including the United States, owe their existence to revolutions against "colonial" rule. (In our case, of course, it was the *colons* who rebelled, not the natives.) Nevertheless, though nationalism remains a dominant emotion, it is no longer enough for a few vocal and violent self-appointed leaders to announce the birth of a new nation and present themselves as its legitimate representatives. The world is too supercharged, we are all too deeply involved in one another's fate, for history now to be made with such romantic ease.

It is in the light of this state of affairs that President de Gaulle's new proposals on Algeria can be said to be genuinely revolutionary. Not only do they insist that a movement of "national liberation" consult —via a free and uncoerced vote— the people themselves on whether they want to be liberated, and if so on what terms; but in welcoming outside observers to watch this process, de Gaulle has recognized that the Algerian dilemma does not concern France alone.

If the Algerian people so desire, they can now have their independent state by 1963. The general has made it quite clear that the French population will retain its own enclave and that the French government will keep control of the oil-rich Sahara as well as the pipelines and ports needed for its exploitation. Both of these conditions are only what any French government, no matter how anti-colonialist in temper, would have to insist on—at least at the outset.

Indeed, de Gaulle's proposition is far more liberal than any professedly liberal French régime has ever dared put forth.

True, if elections are to be used as a substitute for revolution and as a means of checking the credentials of revolutionists, many would-be national states will remain unborn. Then, we submit, the United Nations will be the gainer—unless we want it to become a free-for-all of disunited nationalisms.

The Missing Goals

Premier Khrushchev's frequent references to the goals being set by Soviet society stirred a faint recollection that President Eisenhower once suggested that our nation ought to set some goals of its own. After digging around in an old file box, we came across a dusty copy of the President's State of the Union Message last January, and there it was. In it, the President promised to set up a committee on national goals, made up of able individuals "outside government," which would be concerned, "among other things, with the acceleration of our economy's growth and the living standards of our people, their health and education, their better assurance of life and liberty and their greater opportunities. It would also be concerned with methods to meet such goals . . . They must be goals that stand high, and so inspire every citizen to climb always toward mounting levels of moral, intellectual, and material strength . . ."

Whatever happened to this bold idea? We reviewed our newspaper-clippings files and found that it did not drop completely from sight. At his news conference on February 18, the President was asked if his breakfast meeting with Chancellor Lawrence Kimpton of the University of Chicago had to do with appointing Kimpton chairman of such a goals committee. The President replied: "We didn't discuss appointments. We discussed the ideas and found a great deal of common ground in which we were interested . . ."

More than two months later, at the news conference on April 29, a reporter asked what was causing the delay in setting up the committee. The President responded, "Well, it's to get the exactly, the right, proper people and the people that can give the time and the people of the quality and standing that can do it and that's what the question is."

Three and a half months after that, on August 12, a reporter inquired bluntly, "What is the status of your national goals commission?" The President, looking a bit annoyed, responded: "I think we have not yet still finished the complete

JUDGMENT

"It would be difficult to find clothes comparable to hers in the waiting room of a New York employment agency for domestic help. . . ."
—Dorothy Kilgallen in the New York Journal-American.

The poor Khrushcheva did not measure up—
Her gowns were grisly and her hair a mess;
What matter if a woman loves her home,
Her man and children, if she cannot dress?
The poor Khrushcheva learned to speak our tongue,
She smiled as mothers do, and listened well;
Her features said her life was hard and long,
Her body spoke more than her words could tell.
Pity not her but ladies of the press
Who rate a people by the way they dress.

—SEC

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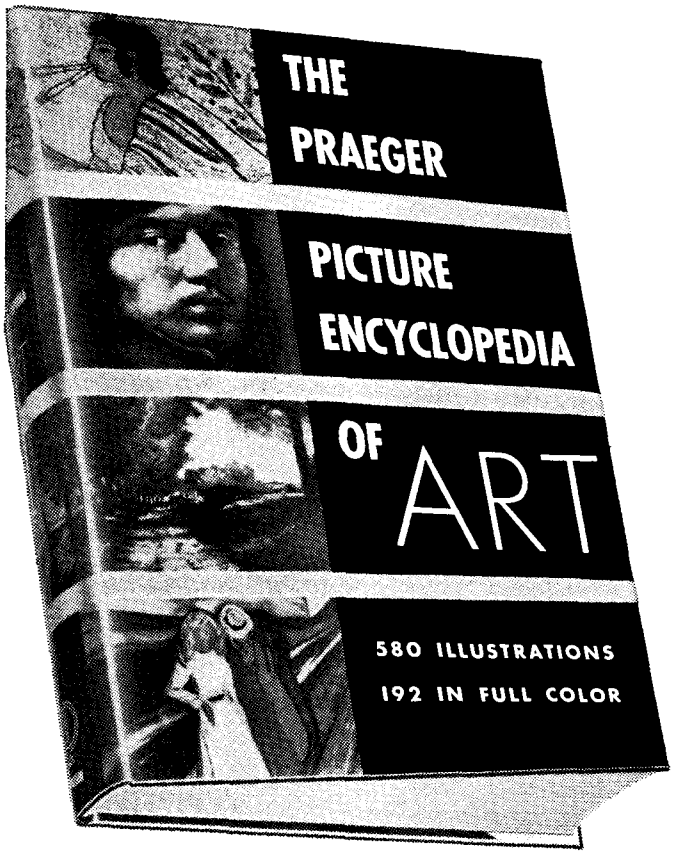

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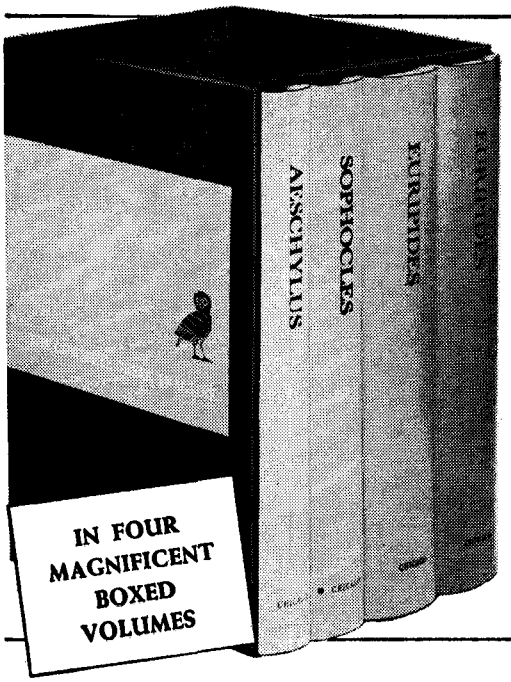

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The way things are going, it looks as if our first long-term goal will have to be the achievement of a national goals committee.

Fishing for Trouble

It has now been revealed that on July 8, the United States signed an "executive agreement" with Liberia whereby we have agreed to come to that country's assistance "in the event of aggression or threat of aggression." This is the first time we have entered into such a pact with an African nation. Why the agreement was kept a secret for two months is unclear. Why we ever entered into such an agreement in the first place is even more unclear.

So far as anyone knows, Liberia is at this time not in the least threatened by aggression. Moreover, there is some question whether we would really want to come automatically to its assistance, even if it were. African politics is still very much in a formless stage; almost anything can happen in the coming years, and it would therefore seem desirable for us to keep as large a freedom of action as possible. Are we certain that in any conflict between Liberia and, say, Nigeria or Ghana or some still unimagined African federation, we want to play the role of Liberia's defender and savior?

The only visible consequence of this bit of diplomatic enterprise is that a precedent has been set for great-power meddling in the affairs of the new African nations. Let Russia sign a similar "executive agreement" tomorrow with one of these nations, and Washington will resound with plaints about "Soviet infiltration." Yet it is we who will have established the pattern.

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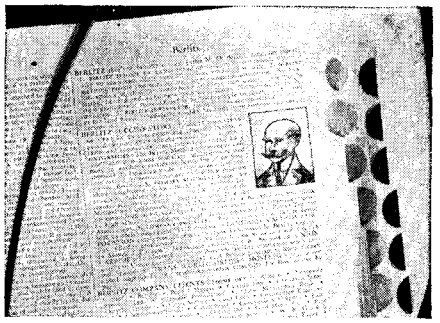

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number of treaties, executive agreements, informal commitments, and the like. It is conceivable that the officials of this bureau are under the impression that they are creating "bulwarks against Communism"—and that a papier-mâché bulwark is better than none.

Laos is very much a case in point. Almost a year ago this magazine published an article called "Laos: A Bulwark Built on Sand." We should have said "quicksand."

It is extremely difficult, from this distance, to get any clear idea of what is going on in that area (one can hardly call it a nation). Indeed, according to all on-the-spot reports —and by far the best of these have been appearing in the *Wall Street Journal*—the rulers and military leaders in Vientiane are no better informed than the rest of us. They appear not to know where their own troops are, to say nothing of the enemies'; whether the casualties are to be counted in dozens or hundreds, to what extent the Vietminh is involved, and what the whole business adds up to. The United Nations fact-finding mission on Laos is going to have a tough time.

NEVERTHELESS, there are some broad features of the situation which are both obvious and disquieting. The Geneva Agreement of 1954, which guaranteed a neutral status for the Kingdom of Laos and was meant to establish some kind of equilibrium—however uneasy—between the insurgent Communist forces and the present régime, was not a happy arrangement; but it was the best the western powers could get under the circumstances. It was clearly to our advantage to make this agreement work. We didn't want to see the land occupied by the Communists, nor was there anything to be gained by spurring the Laotian leaders to utter ringing anti-Communist manifestoes—an assignment for which they had no great enthusiasm.

But that's just what we did. We encouraged the Laotian government to end the uncomfortable experiment of coexistence with the Communists, to disarm the Communist battalions, to dissolve the National Assembly (in which the Communists were heavily represented). Such coups

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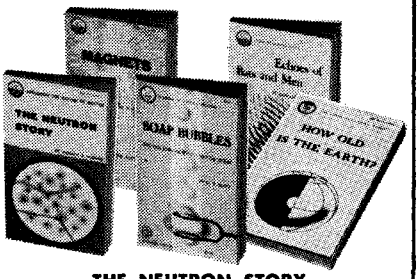

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should not be attempted unless there is a good chance of success. The local leaders themselves warned us, and it was never worth the risk of involving us in a war at the wrong place and the wrong time.

Now we are involved. Our own Chiefs of Staff are split on the feasibility of military intervention, should that be needed, with the Air Force and the Army wanting no part of it. And the State Department must tremble at the thought of how Asian opinion would react to the spectacle of American Marines being parachuted into Laos.

The experience of our foreign-aid program there—largely a grandiose exercise in waste and corruption—should have warned us. But the opposite happened: no better way could be found to silence Congressional criticism than by producing a political-military victory over Communism.

Once more we have had to rely on the U.N. to get us out of the mess.

These Things Were Said

¶ Your editorial of August 29, states, "Admiral Halsey has gone to join J. P. [John Paul] Jones." I prefer to think he is with John Barry, our first commissioned officer in our Navy. J. P. Jones resigned (Is that the word?) from our Navy and later joined that of Russia.—*Letter to the National Review.*

¶ I saw one woman sweeping the streets [in Moscow] that would have made a ballet dancer. The muscles she had to do the work she was doing, I said to myself I would rather have her life than that of the general run of women who consult psychiatrists.—*Carl Sandburg on "Meet the Press."*

¶ In his easy manner, Vice President Nixon played host the other night to the reportorial survivors of his and Pat's trip to Moscow, Leningrad, Novosibirsk, Sverdlovsk, Warsaw and Keflavik . . . "In this great contest between East and West the side will win which has the better kidneys," he said in a little curtain speech after the U.S. Information Agency films of the trip had been shown at Eric Johnston's motion picture headquarters. He was kidding, of course.—*Bob Considine in the Journal-American.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

"J.D."

To the Editors: "What Can We Do About 'J.D.'?" by Virginia P. Held (*The Reporter,* August 20) has left me almost speechless. In the current confusion regarding practically all matters of personal or national concern, such a lucid appraisal of a very serious problem deserves unstinting praise.

Juvenile delinquency, by the very nature of its universality, cannot possibly be the consequence of individual deprivation or misfortune. It is as much a part of our present social fabric as credit-card-club membership or drive-in-movie attendance. Its roots, therefore, must be sought for in the wider area of our general mores and standards. Are the delinquents of today really "rebels"? Or is it that they accept our present social standards at face value—and apply them to the point of *reductio ad absurdum*? The views of Dr. Schmideberg and Judge Farrell, as quoted by Mrs. Held, would suggest that, outlandish as it may seem, the latter view is the more reasonable.

ALEX NICHOLSON
New York

To the Editors: You are to be highly congratulated for Mrs. Held's thoughtful presentation of the problem of juvenile delinquency and the various methods being utilized to combat it . . .

The New York City Youth Board has for a long time been aware of the major part played in delinquency causation by the weaknesses of family life today and by some families' apparent inability to instill in their offspring the kind of basic values and understanding of right and wrong which you underline in your article. The need to bring home to the family and to society their responsibilities concerning their children is, indeed, a tremendous undertaking. Perhaps this accounts for the multiplicity as well as complexity of approaches and methods, which you touch upon in your article.

Such variety of action, however, has too often resulted in duplication, overlapping, and fragmentation of services. As you may be aware, the Youth Board took the lead a number of years ago in seeking to develop a co-ordinated approach by all city agencies, both public and voluntary. This has been extended even further by the board in its work with multiproblem families—by bringing together all agencies who have provided services to one or more members of a particular family over the years, and in programs within neighborhoods, by involving citizens themselves, both young and old. . . .

RALPH W. WHELAN
Commissioner, Youth Services
City of New York

To the Editors: For once *The Reporter* has failed me. Here is the article on J.D., seven pages of it, and only thirty words—words, not lines—on TV and its incitement to J.D.

I have a string of grandchildren, and I have sat quietly by and studied them while they watch TV. They are good youngsters in a cultured home—but four shooting shows in succession do not give them the slightest horror at the taking of human life. I'm sick and tired of this business of giving the public "what it wants," and presenting violence and brutality as what it wants. I don't believe it.

ETHELYN MILLER HARTWICH
Seattle

FROM TWO TV WRITERS

To the Editors: I should like, if I may, to add a few footnotes to Marya Mannes's brilliantly accurate article "The Captive Writer" (*The Reporter,* August 20).

A different reason TV writers drift toward plays and films when they can is that most of us tend anyhow to regard this as a rise in life, and for other than money reasons. A play, for one, does not burn out its life in one night. Also, the others are older and more established forms, with a history of respected achievement—yes, even Hollywood.

To take up another point, the networks have tended, historically, to be far more concerned about quality than sponsors, agencies, and packagers, perhaps because they can afford to experiment with a few less leaders in a nicely profitable portfolio. Little can be expected from the grind-basis packagers who have been taking over more and more, and it's a pity that anxiety to avoid monopoly charges is causing the networks to pull back even further.

More and more sponsors, agencies, and packagers are playing it safe with adaptations of old warhorses from other media, and thus affording fewer outlets for originals, which alone give the writer the full satisfaction of creation.

DAVID DAVIDSON
New York

To the Editors: Most television writers of any stature who are leaving television or who have already left do so for a very simple reason: money. Any of their protestations to the contrary are nonsense. . . .

ALVIN BORETZ
Far Rockaway, New York

IN THE NICK OF TIME

To the Editors: Having just returned from a tantalizingly brief week in Vermont, during which I explored several seductively secondary roads between Thetford Center in the southeast and South Hero in the northwest, I was mighty lucky to read John Kenneth Galbraith's plain warning on "The Pleasures and Uses of Bankruptcy" in Vermont (*The Reporter,* August 20). Otherwise I might now—and probably all winter—be recklessly scheming on a little hotel, a little furniture factory, or just a little old bookshop in some Green Mountain bypass. A born Yankee, I have been fortunately reminded that it's always wisest to profit by the bankruptcy of others.

LEONARD WARE
Washington, D.C.

POOR PABLO!

To the Editors: Hilton Kramer's gleeful announcement that Picasso has been on the skids ever since he got into the big money (*The Reporter,* August 20) reminds us once again that extreme poverty and an early death are absolute necessities for lasting fame in the critic's eyes.

Sir Herbert Read has described cubism as the only new classical style in painting since the Renaissance. In other words, Picasso practically invented modern art all by himself. Yes, yes, says Mr. Kramer with an impatient sneer, but, tell us now, what has he done *recently*?

CHARLES RANKIN
Cleveland

QUACKS AND GOLDEN EGGS

To the Editors: Ralph Lee Smith's article "The Promoters' Pharmacopoeia" (*The Reporter,* August 20) contains a great deal of significant information. We are glad to see that writers and publishers are taking an increasing interest in problems of consumer protection and that there is an apparent increase in the amount of reporting "in depth" that is being done.

GEORGE P. LARRICK
Commissioner of Food and Drugs
Food and Drug Administration
Washington, D. C.

To the Editors: Mr. Smith is as outraged and alarmed as Dr. Benjamin Rush was, back in 1798, when he learned that Medical Quacks were selling tar barrels to the duped populace, as a cure for yellow fever. Dr. Rush and his fellow physicians knew very well that the only cure for yellow fever was to draw a pint of the patient's blood every few hours. Who knows whether the smoking tar barrels drove away the mosquitoes that carried the disease?

Who is the worse quack—the drug company that sells you a cold tablet for a quarter, knowing it won't cure the common cold, or the doctor who brings his little black bag to the house, writes out a prescription, talks about "steaming" and "bed rest," and sends you a bill for $10 for treating the common cold which he knows he can't cure?

The truth is that the quack cures of which Mr. Smith complains appeal to a public that has been far more expensively duped by the promise of respectable cures. The quacks are cheaper; therefore they flourish.

HELENE HANFF
New York

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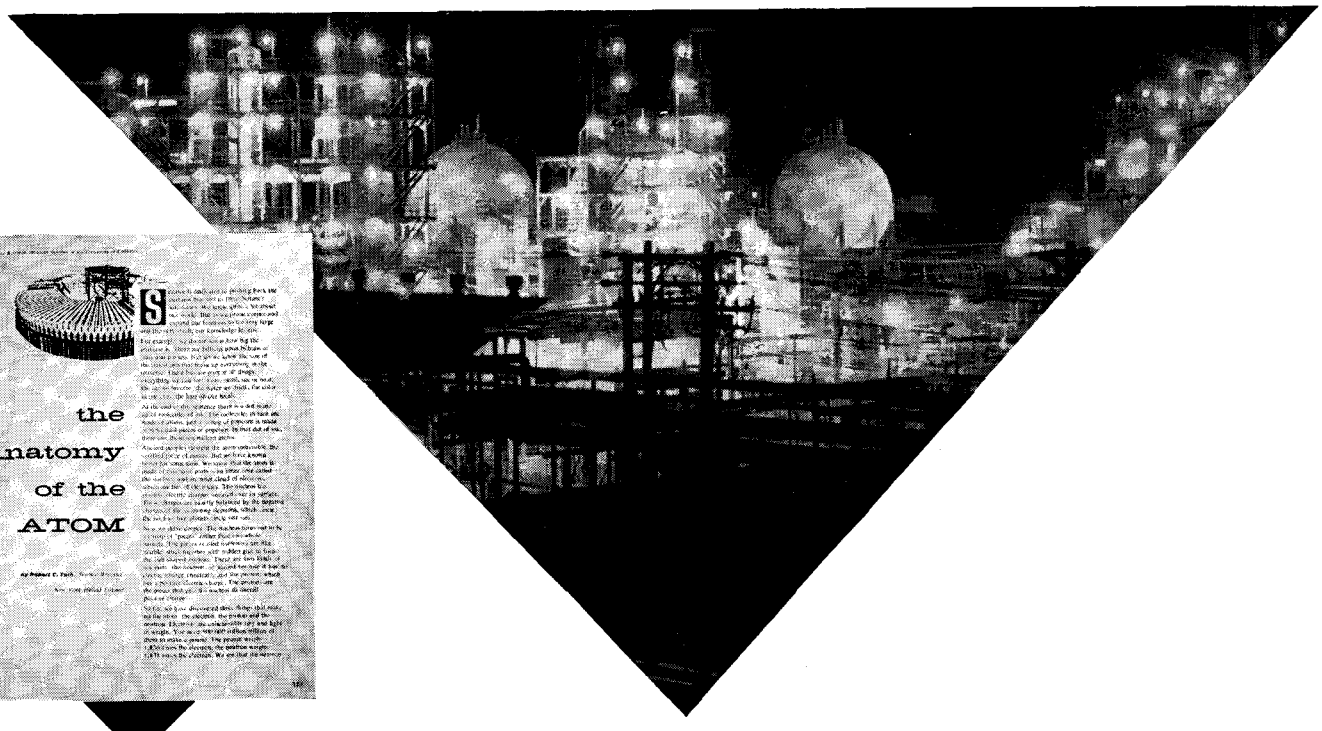

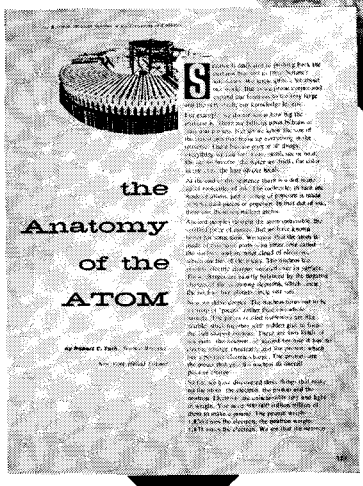

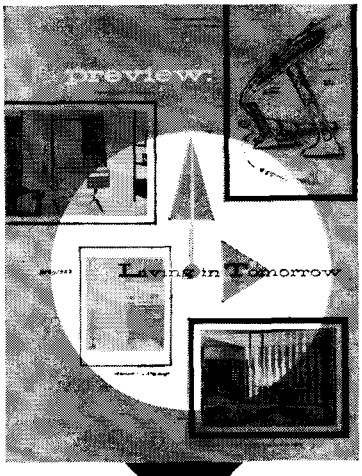

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

MR. KHRUSHCHEV's new enthusiasm for "competitive coexistence" is, as **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial, a thing of many meanings, most of them still unrevealed. "Competition" is an odd banner for a Marxist to wave, and one inevitably has an instinct to duck when it veers in one's direction. As for "coexistence"—well, Mr. K. too often gives the impression that it signifies a state of affairs in which the United States has withdrawn into splendid isolation, leaving the rest of the world as *Lebensraum* for Communism.

Indeed, if Mr. K. is serious about coexistence, the real test will come not in his transactions with America or NATO but in his dealings with his own people in Russia, and with the peoples of Eastern Europe. Nothing is so likely to lead to a genuine relaxation of international tension as a more liberal accommodation between the Communist régimes and their citizens. What the world needs now, even more than a balance in missiles between East and West, is a balance in public opinion. The new technology of war is so patently hideous, the older notions of power politics are so patently anachronistic, that once public opinion is allowed to exist and exert its influence on all governments, the prospect of a large-scale conflict will become ever more remote. There have been heartening developments in this direction within the Soviet world. But they have been hesitant, incomplete, and subject to sharp reversal.

The two articles that follow attempt to give an estimate of the present state of the "thaw" in two key countries: Hungary, the victim of the most vicious post-Stalinist terror, and Russia itself. **Gordon Shepherd** is Central European correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph* of London. **George Bailey,** who has been writing on German affairs for our recent issues, has just returned from a visit to Russia—a visit made the more productive by the fact that he speaks Russian fluently.

IT IS BY NOW well known that the different sides of the Pentagon have become highly conscious of the uses of public relations. What is not so clear is whether they have become conscious of the distinction between use and abuse—between a legitimate and desirable program of information and a questionable program of half-information whose purpose is usually limited to securing a larger slice of the military budget. **Walter Schneir's** article describes some recent activity in the field of chemical and germ warfare that raises this problem in an urgent way. Mr. Schneir, the editor of a medical magazine, wrote the "Primer on Fallout" for our July 9 issue. . . . **Gladys Delmas,** an American free-lance writer now living in South America, whose report on "The Santiago Conference: A Prize for Patience" appeared in our issue of September 17, now gives us an account of the very troubled times through which Argentina is passing. . . . For the first time in twenty years, organized labor celebrated Labor Day by putting on a parade in New York City, which staff writer **Marya Mannes** watched go by up Fifth Avenue. Her television series "I Speak for Myself" is currently to be seen by Washington viewers on alternate Sunday nights. . . . In theory no one wants to owe more and more money all the time, and it is understandable enough that Congress is always seeking to place some kind of limit on our national debt. Yet this imposition of a debt ceiling has costly results; these are discussed by **Marshall A. Robinson,** a Washington economist whose latest book is *The National Debt Ceiling.*

Oliver La Farge has written many books, including *Laughing Boy* and *Raw Material* (Houghton Mifflin). He has defended and helped save the Indians; he now defends, but cannot hope to save, the steam locomotive. . . . **James Morris** has served on the staffs of the *Times* of London and the Manchester *Guardian.* His most recent book is *The Hashemite Kings* (Pantheon). . . . **Hilton Kramer** is editor of the *Arts* magazine, and a frequent contributor. . . . Our regular music reviewer, **Nat Hentoff,** is co-editor of the *Jazz Review.* . . . **Saul Bellow,** author of *Henderson the Rain King,* and *Seize the Day* (Viking), is an editor of a new review, the *Noble Savage,* which is scheduled to make its appearance, sponsored by Meridian Books, next March. . . . **Justin O'Brien's** *From the NRF* has just been issued in paperback by Meridian, and he has also just selected, edited, and introduced André Gide's *Pretexts.* Mr. O'Brien is a member of Columbia's Department of French. . . . **William Barrett** is the author of *Irrational Man* (Doubleday).

Our cover drawing of the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin, still the center of East-West tensions, is by **Frederic Marvin.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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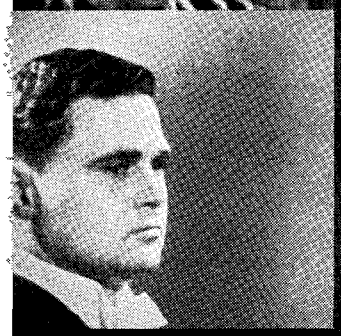

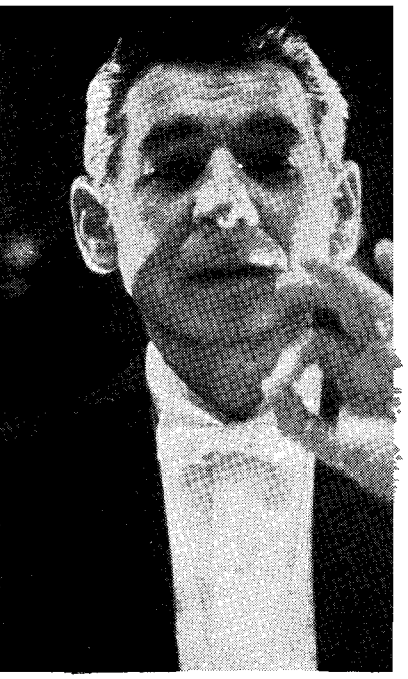

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Our Visitor from the Moon

THESE ARE DAYS worth living—though they can hardly be called pleasurable. It is not an exhilarating experience to listen to Mr. Khrushchev, knowing that the feeling of revulsion will stay with us after he has left and will long affect our being. Yet we must be grateful for this visit which has allowed us to size him up.

We had to see them, side by side, *our* Ike and *their* Khrushchev, to realize how incalculable is the distance between the two men and how immeasurable is the difference in the relationship each has with his own fellow citizens.

The man from Moscow is the master, not the representative, of the peoples under his rule. He rules over their flesh, and relishes the prospect that in the near future they may acquire a layer of soothing, healthy fat. More benevolent than his predecessor, he seems to have found out that moral cruelty is just as effective as physical cruelty in keeping people well behaved and somewhat fearfully reconciled with their improved yet always precarious lot.

As for our President, there must be few Americans who are not proud of him these days. Yet there may well be some, for it is in the nature of our institutions that the citizens' attachment to the nation's leader be characterized by varying and different degrees of intensity. This President has been the beneficiary of a singular moratorium on criticism. In this country we make our Presidents not just by electing them but by the attitude we take toward them. We are responsible for them, as they are responsible to us.

THE MAN from Moscow might just as well have bounced here from the moon. All that he says, all that he has been saying for a long time, is in plain contradiction with the Russian, or Communist, standards. He never stops talking about peaceful competition. But what do the Russians know about competition? In the Communist world it is outlawed, and every decision is made by the all-planning, all-powerful apparatus of the party-state.

When he talks about peaceful competition between the Communist and the capitalistic worlds, and says that the results will prove which system works better, he carefully avoids specifying where and how the two systems are to compete. Is it going to be simply via the exchange of statistical tables showing the total output of steel or the per capita consumption of butter? Or will the contest be in the so-called neutral or uncommitted areas of the world? But Communism knows no other way of operating than by the concentration of all power in the party-state, and by the outlawing of any opposition. Communism can bring its blessings to a country only by taking it over.

Mr. Khrushchev is very fond of saying that Communist countries are peaceful by definition, for, as he put it in his United Nations speech, a Communist state, the perfect coexister, has no classes or groups interested in profiteering by war. He is also very proud to point out how greatly Communism has expanded during the last forty years, with methods that obviously had nothing to do with violence or war.

At the United Nations he has brought forth the old Litvinov proposal for general and complete disarmament, given wholehearted support to the unbridled nationalisms of the anti-colonial variety, echoed the outworn clichés against the western oil companies, and, of course, insisted on the elimination of NATO. Briefly, this apostle of peace has dealt with the main causes of international tension and has envenomed every one of them.

The guest of our nation has shown here what he is: an agitator dedicated to the cause of general and complete subversion. Perhaps the western powers could suggest that the few causes of international tension he forgot to list must be adequately dealt with—that the Communist Parties in all non-Communist countries be abolished, for instance, and that the political police in every nation be drastically curtailed, if not completely disbanded.

Mr. Khrushchev is a great one for advocating the recognition of "realities": the existence of the two Germanies, for example; the hold of Communism over the people it rules; the impossibility of a "rollback," etc. Somehow, the more he orates on these themes, the more we feel there is something quite accidental in these "realities"—including the reality of his own power. If not, why should he be so boisterous?

YET, leaving all his agitprop stunts aside, a few agreements can probably be reached with him, particularly on the reduction of armaments. A reduction of armament expenditures could well produce some form of competition among different political and economic forces inside the Communist countries. We hope this competition may be peaceful. In fact, Mr. Khrushchev himself has shown that the conquest of power can be bloodless, or just about.

He has unveiled the horrible misdeeds of his predecessors and thus has established a precedent. For the settlement of the major difficulties with Soviet Russia we may have to wait until a successor informs the world of all the deeds and misdeeds of Nikita Khrushchev.

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Hungary—Three Years Later

GORDON SHEPHERD

VIENNA

THERE IS a certain irony in the fact that President Eisenhower will spend the third anniversary of the Hungarian revolution either in Moscow or preparing for his state visit there. Germany may be the major political problem that divides East and West, but Hungary has remained the biggest moral issue between them. Indeed, the West's uneasy conscience over the tragedy of the October revolution is one of the strongest emotional undertones beneath its many public pledges "not to betray the two and a half million people of Free Berlin."

Khrushchev is obviously intent on allaying these pangs of conscience. And now, as in 1955, the Russians hope to meet western scruples over their East European empire by pointing to its apparent stability. How valid is this claim?

A recent tour I made of Hungary—my first since the 1956 uprising—left little doubt that, judged by the peculiar standards of the Iron Curtain, the Soviet boast is justified. The Kadar-Münnich régime, which the Red Army heaved trembling into the saddle three years ago, now sits confidently enough to be able to ease the reins and dispense, except in emergencies, with the knout. The physical symbols of this new "normality" hit the eye the moment one crosses the Austro-Hungarian border at Hegyeshalom. The customhouse itself was a barricaded patriot strongpoint when I last slipped past it on the foggy morning of November 5, 1956. Machine guns poked out of the windows and Soviet armored cars prowled around like gray wolves less than a thousand yards away. Now it is a polite and efficient checkpoint, with a souvenir kiosk selling peasant dolls and apricot brandy inside and a "Welcome to Hungary" tourist poster in four languages outside.

In Budapest it was the same: renovated Soviet monuments with brand-new stars to replace those torn down three years ago. The eighteenth-century Killian Barracks, behind whose thick yellow walls we had watched Colonel Pal Maleter fighting the last Thermopylae of the insurgents, was now being transformed into workers' housing.

The Tacit Bargain

At first, the returning western visitor is tempted to dismiss all this political spring cleaning as being purely the efforts of an upstart government that is trying to bury the evidence of its past. But one soon realizes that this return to normal is a two-sided operation. The nine millions of the nation, as well as the 250,000 Communists who hold the reins, are now striving to work out some basis for living together.

There are two reasons for this mood. The obvious one is that active resistance seems futile. The less obvious one is that in 1959 it also seems to be woefully out of date. This internal coexistence for which Communists and anti-Communists are groping in Hungary both reflects and stimulates the global efforts of East and West to come together outside. President Eisenhower can go to Moscow because all is quiet in Budapest; conversely, all will stay quiet in Budapest in part because the President is making his trip.

This calm is, of course, a tense and purely practical truce. The nation abandons all short-term hopes of changing its rulers. The rulers abandon all short-term hopes of converting, as opposed to simply commanding, the nation. The condition required by the régime is that open subversion cease. The prime demand of the nation is that there be no return to the violent police terror of 1957, when the "victory over the counter-revolution" was running its gory course. For some months now, both sides have been keeping their share of this unspoken bargain.

The slackening in outright police pressure in Hungary over the last eighteen months was best summed up for me by a Budapest intellectual who still refuses, after fourteen years of Communism, to abandon his opposition to it. The last time I had seen him was in the early stages of the uprising. He was then spending his daylight hours filling Molotov cocktail bottles and his nights filling his wastepaper basket with drafts for a Hungarian "Declaration of Independence." Since those hectic days, he had spent four brief terms in jail. It was his last experience behind Communist bars which struck him, and me, as significant.

As on the other occasions, it was only "protective custody"—a short spell in prison with several hundred other "unreliables," imposed because a Soviet leader was visiting Budapest or a revolutionary anniversary was approaching. But during this last stay at the dreary prison fortress of Vác, twenty miles up the Danube from the capital, his treatment had been not only correct but even kindly. The climax came when the prison commandant released him a few hours before his time was up so that he could catch the evening bus back to Budapest.

Flight from Politics

This man is one of Hungary's minority of indomitable "activists." His hatred for Communism is a fire that will not be quenched by any soothing draughts the régime may dispense inside Hungary or any journeys President Eisenhower makes outside. For himself and his fellows, co-operation with the régime is a means to the end which he still hopes will come.

But the nation as a whole, though not much fonder of Communism, is forced to strive for a less arduous solution—one by which it can live and plan. The internal coexistence that results has as many facets as

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there are sections of the community. There are no fixed lines and little strategy in this restless search for a day-to-day compromise. Each segment seeks to wrest what it can when it can from the régime, leaving the past to the historians and the future to the gods.

For the ordinary workingman, coexistence with Communism in the Hungary of today means primarily a flight from politics. World affairs are followed closer than ever before, for every Hungarian is proudly aware that since 1956 he has become part of them again, after a gap of more than a century since Kossuth. But interest in Hungarian domestic politics is at its lowest postwar ebb. This apathy is helped on by the fact that the present régime (itself an odd coexistence mixture of Rajkists, Béla Kunists, Stalinite survivals, and Stalinite victims) is a colorless band indeed.

The result of all this is that the general public is concentrating more and more on material things—getting a new apartment, buying a Sunday suit, a radio, or one of those light but sturdy motorcycles with red plastic pillion seats on which to chug down to Lake Balaton on the stifling summer evenings. As if to point the moral, these machines are being made by the factories on Budapest's Csepel Island, where the guns roared loudest during the uprising.

A Kadar vision of Hungary as a land of family cars and refrigerators is being conjured up alongside the old and somber Stalinist dream of Hungary as a land of coal and steel. Time here is on the Communists' side. One old friend of mine expressed this resignation when he told me that his two-room Budapest flat had now been ravaged three times in fifteen years—by the Russians in 1944, by Hungarian Communists in 1949, and by the fighting of 1956. He commented, in tones of bitterness mixed with apology: "I am sorry, but I've really had enough of liberation and enlightenment, from whatever quarter they are offered in the future."

When one looks at coexistence between Church and state in Hungary today, this background of political apathy vanishes. Too much blood has been spilt on this particular arena for it ever to be sawdusted over with sweet words or material inducements. Nor has there been any slackening in the central struggle between Catholics and Communists.

The régime made this abundantly clear last June by appointing the fifty-five-year-old Károly Olt, a vigorous survivor from the Stalin era, to be the new head of the State Office for Church Affairs. Since then, a campaign for "atheist education" has been launched in the villages. The country's 5,500 Catholic clergymen have been under increased schismatic pressure from the six hundred state-suborned "peace priests" in their midst; and Hungary's eleven bishops (one or two of whom live under virtual house arrest) have all been subjected in their palace administration to stricter and more expert lay control.

The Catholic cause is thus being forced to fight with patched-up armor and one hand tied behind its back. The fact that its acknowledged champion, Cardinal Mindszenty, is still a helpless onlooker from the windows of the American legation in Budapest—where he took asylum on November 4, 1956—only serves to weaken the Church's struggle with every passing month. For three years now, Hungary's primate has been neither a leader nor a martyr.

Yet, even in this field, the régime has made careful concessions to that coexistence spirit it seeks to foster. The days when prelates were put on political show trials and monasteries were desecrated have gone. Since the revolution, the régime has allotted some $450,000 a year to repair Hungary's hundreds of battered and peeling baroque churches, and to judge by all the refurbishing which I saw going on myself, the money is actually being spent. Full freedom of worship is allowed, and there is a conditional freedom of religious education.

Such concessions show, of course, the new confidence of the régime as well as the continued vitality of the Catholics. The Communists used to hope that their own state apparatus would eventually "wither away." They have now transferred this hope to the Catholic Church and, to help matters along, are hacking away at its roots with Rome.

Poets and Peasants

All these aspects of Hungarian life today—the abandonment of open police terror, the wooing of the housewife with consumer goods, and the decision to fight the Church behind closed doors—reminded me somewhat of Hungary in the pre-revolution "liberal" period. Indeed, in these respects, Kadar seems to be slowly approaching the position which the slippery and opportunist Prime Minister András Hegedüs established in the spring and summer of 1956.

Yet when I compare impressions of visits made then and now, it is clear that there has been a fundamental change in the relationship between régime and people. Then the government of the day was retreating before popular pressure, being forced back to the abyss that soon engulfed it. Now it is the régime that sets the pace—striking off a fetter or loosening a knot here or there, but

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always in control of every move the captive nation makes.

It was Hungary's writers—and especially the famous "Petöfi Circle" of the Writers Club—who set off the great explosion in 1956 and who tried, even when everything had turned to ashes, to keep the embers glowing. The old Writers Club of 1956 has been long since dissolved, together with the pre-revolutionary Journalists and Artists Clubs which gave it such strong supporting fire. An unknown number of Hungarian intellectuals have paid for their defiance with life or liberty.

At first, their colleagues who were left free tried to resist simply by inaction. The so-called "silent writers" led this nation-wide movement of intellectual passive resistance. To fill the appalling literary gap (made worse by the almost incredible thirst for non-Marxist books in present-day Hungary) the régime flooded the market with works by anti-Communist writers that had been already set up in print before the revolution. Some of these, like Janos Kodolanyi's novels *The Burning Bush* and *New Heaven—New Earth*, were hostile by implication. The theme of the first book was Moses leading a small nation out of tyranny, while the second dealt with the Flood with all its symbolism of destruction and of fresh beginning. But apparently Kadar preferred attack by allegory to ridicule by silence. And here again, time is on the side of the powers that be. As one of the "silent writers" said to me: "It's odd, but the more the country settles down, the more difficult it is to stay out of print. It was much easier for us to button our lips so long as we were still being hit."

THE OUTCOME of this growing frustration is that the régime's efforts to reconstitute the Writers Club on a safe, nonpolitical basis are now showing some prospects of success. A preparatory commission is at work devising new statutes and other "questions of principle" entrusted to it by the minister of popular education, Mrs. Valéria Benke. Its sixty-two members include many régime nominees, but there are also some impeccable non-Communists on the list. The co-operation of such people may only be an experiment. But it is significant that they have started such an experiment in order not to get too far out of step with the mood of the people.

The régime's campaign with the peasants is beginning to show the same qualified success, largely because it also plays skillfully on the same general mood of pragmatism.

More than 4,500 co-operative farms have been re-formed in Hungary; and this summer, for the first time in the country's history, more than fifty per cent of all arable land came under collectivization. What struck me as far more remarkable than this "breakthrough" figure was the fact that the régime made hardly any fuss about it.

I spent two hours with the man behind the present land drive, Deputy Minister of Agriculture Tömpe. In ten years I have spoken to many Communist collectivizers. Tömpe was the first who was not mesmerized with statistics.

"Yes," he said. "It's good that we've topped the fifty per cent mark. But it's quality that counts, not numbers. We want only co-operatives that really work, and that means the ones that are voluntarily formed. State officials may have committed excesses here and there, and of course our propagandists do their utmost to persuade the peasants to come in. But neither force nor blackmail is our policy. To be frank, we don't need either. The peasants have other inducements these days. They are mostly prosperous at the moment and want to avoid tax penalties. Many of the older ones find the security of a state pension more and more attractive, and the younger generation is being largely drawn off to the cities anyway. And, after 1956, the hotheads both young and old saw that open resistance got them nowhere."

Anti-Communists I talked to both in the capital and the countryside qualified Tömpe's rosy picture at many points. "Excesses" were not as rare as all that, they claimed, and a general background of pressure still existed. Moreover, the real test of the "breakthrough" would come this winter when the régime tackled the larger peasant holdings of eastern Hungary. Yet the force of Tömpe's practical arguments was admitted even by these circles. The battle of the Hungarian countryside is no longer bloody.

Horse Trading at Pecs

A day or two after talking with Tömpe, I was down at Pecs, in the sleepy, scented heart of southern Hungary. I had gone there to see a Sunday horse fair. What I found was the whole Hungarian countryside on parade. The horses ranged from skinny cobs to fat and glistening Haflingers, drawn up in a rough ring on the dusty meadow.

The buyers, among whom was a dealer from Italy, were doing brisk business. The Italian was being looked after by an official of the state horse-trading monopoly. But most of the other dealers were private, and all around the horse ring, private enterprise held sway as far as the eye could see. Row upon row of stalls and kiosks turned the whole perimeter into one giant bazaar. Between the booths, which were selling scarves, brass pins, and ornaments, itinerant peddlers wandered offering everything from ash walking sticks to Alsatian puppies. And everywhere there were the gypsies, their flowered dresses with red aprons and yellow stockings making vivid splashes in the crowd.

The only reminder of the Communist state was a doleful figure in gray uniform who was offering rolls of corrugated wire fencing for sale from the back of a truck. Everything around him had been there before the régime and expected to survive it. Marxism had given it little and had succeeded in taking away even less.

HUNGARY has suffered much already by being treated in the West as an operetta land, and I do not want to suggest that this horse fair at Pecs was either a complete answer or a complete alternative to Communism. Yet it was more than just a Franz Lehár scene. For Hungary is still a peasant country, and this, rather than the belching, inefficient factory chimneys of Dunapentele, is its true profile. By respecting and preserving this profile, the Communists in Hungary—like the Communists of the Soviet Union itself—are apparently trying at last to coexist with their own people.

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Voices Heard In the Russian Crowd

GEORGE BAILEY

THE MOMENT the plane taxied to a halt at Moscow's Vnukovo Airport, three border-guard officers entered and collected all our passports. "We must be in quarantine!" whispered one of my fellow passengers. "No," said another facetiously, "it's the Russians who are in quarantine." Actually, they were both right. The idea of the mutual quarantine that has existed—and still exists—between East and West recurred to me constantly during the three weeks I spent in the Soviet Union. The authorities do their best to ensure that each party—Russians and foreigners—shall be quarantined from information from the other.

I myself was half out of quarantine from the start because I happen to speak Russian fluently. By standing around on the fringes of the crowds that surrounded every Russian-speaking American guide at the American exposition, for instance, I was able to overhear a great many things that were meant for Russian ears only.

What appeared to me immediately was that the questions put by government hecklers (there were at least three in every crowd) almost invariably excited adverse comment from the crowd. The hecklers were immediately spotted—no great trick since their questions were always about as subtle as "How many Negroes have been lynched since 1952?"

It was also clear that the crowd was almost always on the side of the American. "That sounds wonderful!" said a young woman in front of me after one of the guides had given a cogent explanation of the American Social Security system. "Do you suppose that everything he says is true?" she asked, turning to her neighbor, an unusually well-dressed Russian. "Of course it's true," he answered *sotto voce*. "These people have no need to lie."

'War Is Impossible'

Moscow was the obvious place to hold the exposition. And yet the capital is by all odds the strictest and most pharisaic town in the Soviet Union. Just about the only time I didn't feel the quarantine atmosphere acutely was in restaurants. On the thirtieth floor of the Hotel Ukraine, Moscow's largest, there is a kind of roof garden frequented by both foreigners and Russians. It was here that I had my first lengthy conversation with Russians, an architect and his assistant.

When asked where I had learned my Russian, I explained that I had served with the Red Army as an American liaison officer. "Then," said the architect, "you must have had some buddies in the Soviet Army." I replied that indeed I had. "Well," said the architect, "why don't you look them up?" Then, to my surprise, he added: "There will be no danger for them if you do—not any more; that time is gone."

"Fair enough," I said, "but how can you or I be sure that 'that time' will not return?"

"That is out of the question," he said. "Impossible."

"Why impossible?"

"Because we won't permit it."

"The people won't permit it," interjected the assistant. "There is another thing that is impossible," continued the assistant, "and that is war. Our people simply will not go along with it."

When we took leave of each other at two in the morning, the architect said as a last word, "Go ahead and look up your friends—it's all right now, believe me. I'm sure they will be very glad to see you."

The odd thing about this was that the architect had asked for my room number and said he would call me next day. We had also arranged to meet a few days hence at the entrance to the exposition. And yet the architect's last exhortation was unmistakably a good-by. He knew it and I knew it. (I never did look up my old comrades in arms.)

AN OBSESSIVE DREAD of war was the most widespread attitude I found. On one occasion I stood in a line several hundred yards long waiting for admission to the Lenin-Stalin mausoleum. Directly in front of our group was a delegation of Moldavian workers. We were obviously foreigners and since I carried a copy of *Pravda,* the two Moldavians nearest me yielded to curiosity and struck up a conversation. One of them stated abruptly and simply: "Our Ivan is very deeply indebted to you Americans. You kept us alive during the war with your gifts of food, clothing and material. We shall never forget this." Taken aback, I said something to the effect that the Russians had also given a great deal—and in blood. "Yes, but you also gave blood and gave it when you were not directly involved—not here, at least. Our Ivan will not forget this," he repeated. And then, very rapidly: "I cannot believe that it will ever come to a war between us;

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it is unthinkable. My comrade and I were both soldiers during the war and we went all the way to Berlin—thanks in good part to you. We know you will never attack us."

Bull Session in Leningrad

In Leningrad I noticed a large crowd across the street from my hotel and went over to investigate. The crowd was speculating on the origin of a Mercedes 190 SL. The moment somebody discovered that I spoke Russian, I found myself answering questions.

"Are girls allowed to go to school in the United States?" asked a girl student.

"Is it true that Franklin D. Roosevelt is buried in Yalta?"

For the most part, however, the questions were to the point.

"What happened to Howard Fast?" asked one young man.

"He's doing very well, as far as I know," I answered.

"But he left the party," said another.

"Why?" asked someone else.

"Because of Hungary," said still another.

"Oh, I understand; a lot of people left the party because of Hungary."

"Small wonder," someone commented.

The subject of Hungary came up often. I found no one who would defend either the Hungarian Communists or the Soviet intervention.

THE SIMPLE WITHHOLDING of information, whether by censorship, distortion, or the jamming of foreign radio broadcasts, is the most effective means the Soviet régime has of enforcing its national quarantine. The Soviet press itself contains a minimum of straight news, as any westerner forced to rely exclusively on the Soviet press quickly discovers. And this goes for news of the Soviet Union itself.

"The fact of the matter is," one Russian put it to me over dinner, "we do not have the faintest idea of what the government is doing, has done, or intends to do." I was amazed at his frankness, as I frequently was whenever refuge was provided—in a taxicab, in adjacent seats of a plane, in a train compartment, or even in a crowd: the Russians take heart or discard discretion in mass anonymity. But otherwise the discipline of the quarantine is self-imposed. No one in any of the crowds I encountered was willing to enter my hotel.

"Why?" I asked.

"We'd be put on the list."

"What happens if you're put on the list?"

"You're apt to be given a crummy job" (the crowds were made up for the most part of students and younger men) "or transferred—if you already have a job—to a worse one or one a great distance away, say in Turkistan or Siberia."

I met a thirteen-year-old boy in Leningrad who greedily drank up all the information I gave him about America. His, I discovered, was a very common case. On several occasions in each of the cities I visited I was approached by early teen-agers who wanted to exchange addresses and correspond. (Children up to about fifteen apparently enjoy a sort of "fool's freedom" from the quarantine.) They were invariably shooed away by the Intourist guide.

One of the most frequent questions put to me by the youngsters I met was, "Why don't American jazz bands come to the Soviet Union?"

My reply that the Soviet government had hitherto not allowed it always prompted the chorus of "Indecency!" and "Scandal!"

Star-Crossed Lovers

And then there was a shopgirl in Leningrad who mistook me for an Australian. When I explained that I was perhaps the next best thing, an American from the Far West, she astonished me by asking if we could have a talk. I invited her to dinner. After more than two hours of desultory conversation, she announced that she wished to put a question to me but only on condition that I solemnly promise not to laugh at her. I solemnly promised.

"What," she said after much hesitation, "is the purpose of life?"

After a few minutes of philosophical floundering, I began to see what was really on her mind.

"Two months ago," she said seriously, "I met an Australian—in the shop. I had never seen anybody like that before. He was a wonderfully big, alive young man, like the wind. He came into the shop every day for a week and looked and talked and looked. It was terribly embarrassing because he kept looking at me. I finally told him he didn't seem to know what he wanted. He said he knew exactly what he wanted. Then he pointed at me and said, 'Wrap yourself up and I'll take you home with me.'"

"Was that all?" I asked.

"He made a formal proposal but I didn't do anything. I was terribly agitated. I still am, because now I think I should have accepted him. I think that was my fate. But you know that sort of thing is terribly complicated here—I'm not sure I would be allowed to leave the country."

"Well, maybe he'll come back," I said. "Did he ask for your address?"

"Yes."

"But of course you didn't give it to him."

"No, I didn't. I gave him a general-delivery number. But I did one thing. On the day he left he sent me a wonderful present which I didn't receive until after his bus had gone to the airport. I rushed out and bought him a going-away present and then took a taxi all the way to the airport—it cost me a week's wages—and then I presented him with my gift at the airport, right in public. Believe me, it took an act of courage to do that."

"It seems to me," I said, "a grotesque state of affairs that requires an 'act of courage' to present a gift in public to a foreigner."

"Yes, of course," she said, "but we Russians have great faith. We believe that things will get better."

I heard this statement or words to the same effect so often that I finally remarked on it to a construction engineer I met at lunch in Kiev.

"Oh, yes," he said quietly, "we

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have faith all right. We all believe things will get better—what the hell else can we do?" He addressed himself to his borshch.

On the Train

I returned to Vienna from the Soviet Union via the Western Ukraine and Hungary by train. It proved elaborately difficult to get aboard the Moscow-Budapest train. In Moscow I was told that I should wait until I returned from Leningrad to make the reservation and buy the ticket. When I returned I was told that the necessary arrangements could be made only in Kiev since I wanted to board the train there. In Kiev, of course, I was admonished for not having made the arrangements in Moscow. I finally managed to purchase the ticket only to discover that it was useless without a reservation—and reservations had to be made at least a week in advance: I was just five days too late. That I ultimately succeeded in boarding the train was a triumph of Russian decency over Soviet bureaucracy—and over the quarantine.

Once on the train I discovered why it had been so difficult to get on at all. For here, as if by magic, was total amnesty. The train was full of Russian officers and Red Army civilian employees and their families, most of them on their way to Hungary. Men and women in their pajamas and dressing gowns (according to the habit of all Russians on vacation) roamed the train and were remarkably unconstrained. The train was a mobile oasis.

The ride from Kiev to Budapest lasts almost thirty hours and I spent at least half that time in the corridor (mainly because I had been moved into a sleeping compartment with three young Russian women). It was in the corridor that I became acquainted with Vasya, a twenty-eight-year-old Russian trade official. As we lounged at the window and watched the Ukraine drift by, he asked me for my impressions of the Soviet Union, adding the request that I be "absolutely frank." I was. Among other things I told him I was outraged by the Soviet press, particularly over its systematic distortion of America.

"Don't worry," he said and smiled. "We know."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, there are too many obvious self-contradictions in the situation. There's a very popular anecdote about little Ivan being asked by the teacher to describe America. 'America,' says little Ivan, 'is the country in which the workers are being ex-

ploited by the capitalists and are starving to death.' 'Excellent,' says the teacher. 'Now tell us the chief aim of the new Seven-Year Plan.' 'To catch up with America,' says little Ivan. Then there's the one about the functionary who says, 'In a short while the Soviet Union will pass America.' 'Fine,' says the worker; 'when we do, just let me off at America.' Bah! It's such an obvious piece of bait. Suppose we do pass America—and then? That's the question—what then? Whom do we pass after we pass America? When do we profit from our labor?

"We have no cafés, no music halls," Vasya continued. "Everybody has to amuse himself as best he can. We're all starved for entertainment. The radio programs are terrible; the government admits it. That's something: at least they've gotten around to admitting it."

"Why the dearth of entertainment?" I asked.

"Oh, we're supposed to rest in our free time so we can work harder."

I RETURNED to the Soviet press. How, I wondered, could anyone read Soviet newspapers day in and day out? They were full of proclamations, exhortations, and production figures, and very little else.

"Quite simple—we don't read them," answered Vasya. "Or at most the sports news and the theater programs. But the newspapers are not published for us—they are for the others."

"Who are 'the others'?"

"Look," said Vasya, "you won't understand Russia until you've met the other Russians. They are in the majority. I mean the *kolkhozniki*. Don't forget that the Soviet Union is still predominantly an agricultural country. You can't imagine how ignorant these people are. It's really dreadful. That's a fact that goes a long way toward explaining the miserable state of the press. For some time the government really tried to educate and enlighten the *kolkhozniki,* but a couple of years ago they put the brakes on the enlightenment program."

"Why?" I asked.

"The *kolkhozniki* were beginning to get ideas and make demands—demands the government does not want to meet or is in no position to meet. It's an odd situation: the *kolkhozniki* have been in the dark so long that now they are sensitive to the light. The government was responsible for letting in some light and the *kolkhoznik* is stirring. He isn't awake yet, but he's stirring. And the government is up a tree. I don't think they really know what to do. Another complication is that a great many of the kolkhozes are terribly inefficient and working at a loss. I am sure," he added as an afterthought, "that whatever else you may have seen in Russia you did not succeed in visiting a kolkhoz."

I hadn't succeeded. Instead I was shunted off to an agricultural exposition in Kiev that displayed some of the most magnificent fruit I had ever seen. It was wax.

"DO YOU THINK they might try re-Stalinization?" I asked.

"That's definitely out," said Vasya. "If they try that, there will be trouble. What do you think of the proposed exchange program between the Soviet Union and the United States?"

"I do not see," I replied, "how—as a purely practical matter—the Soviet government can afford to allow a really free exchange program with the West. It seems to me that the whole system is designed to prevent just that—a free exchange of information."

"Take it either way," said Vasya, "I don't see how the government can afford not to."

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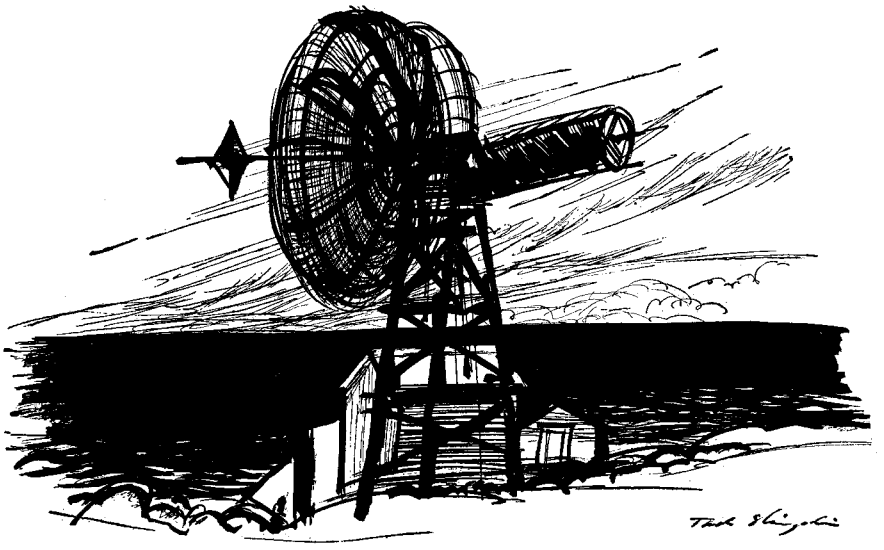

The Campaign to Make Chemical Warfare Respectable

WALTER SCHNEIR

IN THE JULY 5 issue of the New York *Sunday News* this question was posed in the "Inquiring Fotographer" column: "Gen. William Creasy, former head of the Chemical Corps, says we can paralyze the enemy with gases they cannot see, smell or feel. He thinks we should announce we'll use them in another war. Should we?" The majority of those whose answers were selected for publication thought we should.

During the past several months, many news and feature stories have appeared in American newspapers and magazines on the subject of germ and gas warfare. This is no chance occurrence. A sizable public-relations campaign is currently being conducted in order to counteract traditional public revulsion against the use of germs and gas as weapons.

SOME EXCERPTS from recent speeches by Major General Marshall Stubbs, the Army Chief Chemical Officer, are illuminating:

¶ Wilmington, Delaware, April 14: "Since toxic chemical warfare has not been used since World War I, this generation is not so well informed on its capabilities and consequently is apathetic as to its combat effectiveness. Coupled with this is the widespread belief left over from the first World War that its use is cruel and unethical. People fear what they do not understand. We can render a great service to our country by removing the cloak of doubt and suspicion surrounding the use of chemical and biological agents in war. . . .

"Statements by Soviet military leaders on the role of chemical and biological warfare in any future war are positive and are indicative of Soviet preparation to use, if they see fit, all weapons including toxic munitions. . . .

"Recently within the Corps, we have accelerated our information program."

¶ Chicago, April 23: "The public must be brought to realize that other nations have a strong CBR [chemical, biological, radiological] capability . . . It must also be aware that chemical and biological agents are not the cruel weapons of total destruction as they have been branded by many writers."

¶ Washington, D.C., May 21: "Attitudes toward the entire field of chemical and biological warfare are one of our greatest problems. . . . The first big step, as I see it, is to get our people to understand that equipment and wherewithal to establish a CBR defensive is not enough. Unless the public accepts the fact that we must be prepared to use these weapons, we will not achieve a balanced weapons system."

WITH THE CAMPAIGN only a few months old, the number of aids to public understanding that have appeared in print is impressive. The following list is far from being complete: United Press International, May 11, "Urges Telling People Germ Warfare Facts," by George B. Brown; *This Week*, May 17, "War Without Death!," an interview with Major General William M. Creasy, retired; *Christian Science Monitor*, May 27, " 'Silent Weapons' Aired," by Courtney Sheldon; *Harper's*, June, "Germs and Gas: the Weapons Nobody Dares Talk About," by Brigadier General J. H. Rothschild, retired; Science Service, June 24, "Russians Work on Combined Germ-Radiological Warfare." In July, all the Hearst newspapers ran a five-part series on germ and gas warfare by Dan Brigham, who interviewed General Stubbs in what was described as "an exclusive interview, the first that any chemical authority of the U.S. Armed Forces has given a newspaperman since World War I." During August similar series on the subject were run by both the Chicago *Tribune* and the *Daily News*. On August 9, the New York *Times* took notice of the Pentagon's new public-relations drive in a signed article by Jack Raymond: "Pentagon Spurs Chemical Arms; Versatility of Gas Warfare Held Underrated by U.S.—More Funds Urged."

Love That Germ!

The techniques by which the Chemical Corps is attempting to influence public opinion are neither mysterious nor complex. Here are the principal elements of the campaign:

¶ High military officers make speeches to specially selected groups.

¶ Officers testify at Congressional

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hearings (closed to the press), and carefully screened material is then released with some fanfare. Such hearings are also the occasion for "spectacular" demonstrations of the effects of various drugs on animals.

¶ Articles by retired officers, who cannot be held accountable, appear in magazines.

¶ Word is passed around among writers who specialize in scientific and military subjects that formerly classified material is now available to them for stories; or sometimes a writer will be given a tip on where classified material may be found in non-classified publications.

¶ Writers are also informed that certain high military officers are now receptive to interviews.

¶ Writers and editors are privately briefed by some civilian with a pipeline to difficult-to-obtain data who uses opportunities for exclusive stories as bait.

I MYSELF have been the beneficiary of this "private briefing" technique. This is how it works: The individual doing the briefing meets informally with a writer and stresses that the information he gives is "not attributable." Thus the person doing the briefing cannot be held accountable for anything he says and the reader has no way of knowing the source of the story.

An ex-newspaper and wire-service writer has been hired for a four-month stint by the Army's chief of research and development, Lieutenant General Arthur G. Trudeau, in order to look over the Army's whole research program for good story possibilities; the chemical service has proved to be a particularly fertile field. The practice of hiring an outside public-relations consultant is fairly routine throughout the Pentagon, one advantage being that a civilian on temporary assignment can operate with more freedom of action than the regular public-information personnel.

Such private briefings are, of course, merely one part of any large-scale public-relations campaign. A writer can almost always avail himself of other sources so as to obtain a less biased, more rounded view of his subject. For a variety of reasons, however, quite a few newspaper and magazine writers today choose to glide with the prevailing winds, preferring briefings and fat press kits (crammed with everything they need for a particular story) to the more arduous effort of journalistic leg work.

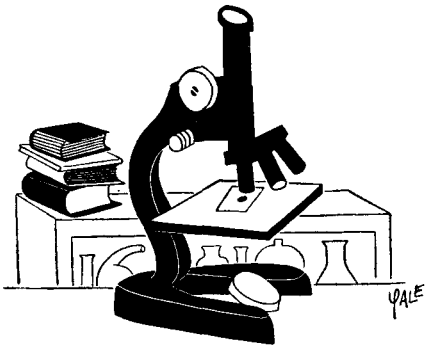
A study of recent stories on germs and gas reveals, to a remarkable degree, the very same themes that run through General Stubbs's speeches and Congressional testimony. In outline, the Chemical Corps' message to the American people may be summarized as follows:

¶ The public must be informed about germs and gas to correct the mistaken impression that these weapons are barbarous.

¶ Actually, these weapons are humane. Some of them, such as psychochemicals and non-lethal gases, can cause temporary insanity, destroy the will to resist, turn brave men into cowards—all without killing people.

¶ Germs and gas do not destroy property.

¶ The Soviet Union has such weapons and would use them.



¶ Our present policy not to use these weapons except in retaliation is dangerous and exposes us to disaster.

¶ A man with a briefcase filled with germs or gas would be able to introduce one or both of these weapons into the ventilating system of a building.

¶ In order to improve its research and development of germ and gas weapons, the Chemical Corps needs more money.

War Without Death?

During the last few months millions of Americans have read stories about amazing new psychochemicals and non-lethal incapacitating agents that could make war relatively bloodless. Here are some examples:

Brigadier General J. H. Rothschild, retired (*Harper's,* June): "To me this neglect of non-lethal chemical weapons is nothing short of tragic. Man is now confronted with the possibility that he can, in some important measure, eliminate death from war."

Major General William M. Creasy, retired (*This Week,* May 17): ". . . there is no question in my mind that for the first time in history there is the promise—even the probability—that war will not necessarily mean death."

Austin Kiplinger (the *Kiplinger Washington Letter,* June 27): "U.S. has a 'family' of gases ready for use or in production. Some to kill. Others to paralyze. Others to cause temporary insanity."

Ray Cromley (NEA staff correspondent in the Frederick, Maryland, *News,* June 25): "An inconspicuous man with a brief case could openly walk into the Department of Defense, put his brief case down near an appropriate vent in the ventilation system and cause the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Secretary of Defense, and all their assistants to lose their sense of reality for hours."

Roger Greene (AP news-features writer in the Washington *Post and Times Herald,* September 6): "Working in deep secrecy, American scientists almost overnight have developed an arsenal of fantastic new weapons, variously known as psychochemicals and 'madness' gases, which could virtually paralyze an enemy nation without firing a shot."

WHAT ARE the actual facts? At present, two classes of lethal gases are being stockpiled—nitrogen mustards and nerve gases. The first is an improved version of the old First World War mustard gas that killed or incapacitated thousands of doughboys; the second is a German invention, developed during the Second World War and captured by both American and Russian troops.

The existence of nerve gases has been public knowledge for many years. As a matter of fact, eight years ago Congressman L. F. Sikes (D., Florida) described these gases in

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some detail in *Saga* magazine in an article entitled "Nerve Gas! The Inside Story of the Incredible Weapon."

There is nothing particularly humane about nerve gas and few would deny that it is an extremely lethal weapon. At Rocky Mountain Arsenal, near Denver, where the gas was manufactured until recently, there have been more than eight hundred industrial casualties in the past six years, some of them fatal. Nerve gas can be absorbed very quickly through the skin; a small drop on a man's hand will halt his respiration in a few minutes, unless an antidote is speedily injected.

As FOR the so-called non-lethal weapons, there are two non-lethal gases presently stockpiled, both unspectacular: tear gas and vomit gas. There are, of course, many hundreds of drugs known to pharmacology whose effects on man are more or less incapacitating, e.g., anesthetic agents.

But the existence of such drugs, or even their dramatic demonstration on animals before goggle-eyed audiences, does not mean that they can be produced in sufficient quantities to be used as weapons or that their large-scale effects on human beings would be either predictable or militarily desirable. That is why such headlines as "Secret Weapons Paralyze Animals" on a June 23 UPI story do not mean exactly what they say.

The much-touted psychochemicals are drugs that are currently being used by a few psychiatrists to study the causes of psychoses. Best known are LSD-25 (lysergic acid diethylamide), mescaline, and psilocybin, the latter derived from a Mexican mushroom. These hallucinogenic drugs, whose properties have been known for about sixteen years, in some way disturb a man's mental processes, but the extent of the disturbance is highly unpredictable, and at present the usefulness of the drugs is largely limited to medical research.

Perhaps the most realistic appraisal of the Chemical Corps' present preparedness for waging "humane" warfare with psychochemicals was contained in testimony given before a Congressional committee last year by Major General William M. Creasy, then the Army's Chief Chemical Officer:

REPRESENTATIVE DANIEL J. FLOOD (D., Pennsylvania): "You have various degrees of gases that produce temporary paresis?"

GENERAL CREASY: "I would not want to say 'Yes' to that for this reason: While there are varying lethal doses for those G-gases [nerve gases], all of these gases or doses are so small as to be hard to guarantee that any amount is not going to be fatal. You say 'temporary' but I am afraid—"

MR. FLOOD: "I was trying to expressly preclude fatal results. . . .

GENERAL CREASY: "You are in the area of psychochemicals. There are many things that we would like to work on that hold possible hope. For example, if we could come up with

something that produces temporary blindness, this would be the ideal type of thing where no one would be maimed tomorrow. The best that we can offer at this time, and this is much better than anything else we are using, is to come in with a debilitating disease. You do not want to use smallpox. Not only do you kill people but even those that get well will be an eternal reminder of the thing that we did in this country that we may want to be friendly with later on."

Bugs on Our Side

Germs, of course, are the more usual —and generally more predictable— causes of the debilitating diseases General Creasy favors. According to a new limited-circulation Army publication ("U.S. Army Capability In the Space Age"), the Chemical Corps has pioneered in the mass rearing of insects for biological warfare. Research centers for biological warfare are located at Dugway Proving Ground, eighty miles southwest of Salt Lake City, and at Fort Detrick, in Barbara Frietchie's home town of Frederick, Maryland.

I was told that infected insects are kept constantly available at the Fort Detrick installations. The inventory includes mosquitoes infected with yellow fever, malaria, and dengue; fleas infected with plague; ticks with tularemia, relapsing fever, and Colorado fever; houseflies with cholera, anthrax, and dysentery. The facilities at Fort Detrick include laboratories for mass breeding of pathogenic micro-organisms and greenhouses for investigating crop pathogens and various chemicals that harm or destroy plants. Studies are in progress on the most effective means of spreading plant diseases that attack wheat, barley, oats, rye, rice, and cotton.

In addition to the use of insects as disease carriers, methods of spreading various bacilli, viruses, and toxins in the form of aerosols have been successfully developed. Last year a Fort Detrick physician, Dr. LeRoy D. Fothergill, reported at the American Medical Association meeting in San Francisco:

"I should like to say at this point that many of these aerobiological instruments and techniques have been developed to a remarkable state of technical perfection."

NEVERTHELESS, differences of opinion have long existed as to whether or not biological warfare is actually possible or effective. In November, 1952, Major General Raymond W. Bliss, retired (a physician and former Surgeon General of the Army), wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

"Recent repeated allegations that the United Nations has been using germs of disease as a weapon of warfare against man [in Korea] have brought the subject of biological warfare into prominence. This is one form of warfare which has not yet been thoroughly accepted or tried. *We have not employed it and probably never will.* It is extremely doubtful if it could be used

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with any success except in a localized and isolated area, and then with a very minor degree of effectiveness."

Some experts on epidemiology have expressed similar points of view, but the Chemical Corps strongly disagrees and is convinced from various harmless field trials that germs could be an extremely potent weapon. For example, a few years ago the Chemical Corps had two hundred thousand mosquitoes in special containers dropped near a Florida airbase, located in a relatively mosquito-free area. Within a few days, a high percentage of the people living on and around the base had been bitten many times. Had the mosquitoes been carrying a disease such as yellow fever, the Chemical Corps believes most of the local inhabitants would have been infected.

A few years ago, war games in the Far East simulated this situation: A large Chinese army had penetrated far into South Vietnam and was heading northwest toward the capital of Cambodia, Pnompenh. American troops in Thailand were assumed to be unable to reach Pnompenh before the enemy. A simulated attack with biological weapons was ordered. When Chemical Corps experts calculated the results, the State Department was so alarmed that it made a vain effort to suppress them. For along with the seventy-five per cent of the enemy troops assumed to have been killed or incapacitated were some 600,000 casualties among friendly or neutral civilians.

WASHINGTON sophisticates have frequently pointed out that you can gauge the size of the Navy's budgetary request by the number of Soviet submarine sightings reported off our coasts in the weeks prior to appropriation hearings.

During my briefings by the Chemical Corps' civilian public-relations consultant, he made it clear that at least one important reason for the campaign is the Corps' desire to obtain increased appropriations. General Rothschild, in his *Harper's* article, also italicized the need for funds: *"Unfortunately, the entire amount of money now allotted to the Chemical Corps for research and development is less than the cost of two B-58 bombers.* Given such limited resources, the Chemical Corps must concentrate on the lethal weapons for which a need has definitely been established—however desirable and potentially useful it may consider the non-lethal agents to be."

In the copy of "U.S. Army Capability in the Space Age" that was lent to me, someone had carefully circled in red two figures—$17.4 million and $18.9 million. The first is the chemical research and development budget for fiscal 1959; the second the biological-warfare research and development budget for the same period. The items were pointed out to me several times with the comment that a proper development program for the psychochemical lysergic acid alone might cost $100 million.

Policy (Off the Record)

President Roosevelt set United States policy regarding gas warfare when he issued the following statement in 1943: ". . . I have been loath to believe that any nation, even our present enemies, could or would be willing to loose upon mankind such terrible and inhumane weapons. . . .

"Use of such weapons has been outlawed by the general opinion of civilized mankind. This country has not used them, and I hope that we will never be compelled to use them. I state categorically that we shall under no circumstances resort to the use of such weapons unless they are first used by our enemies. . . ."

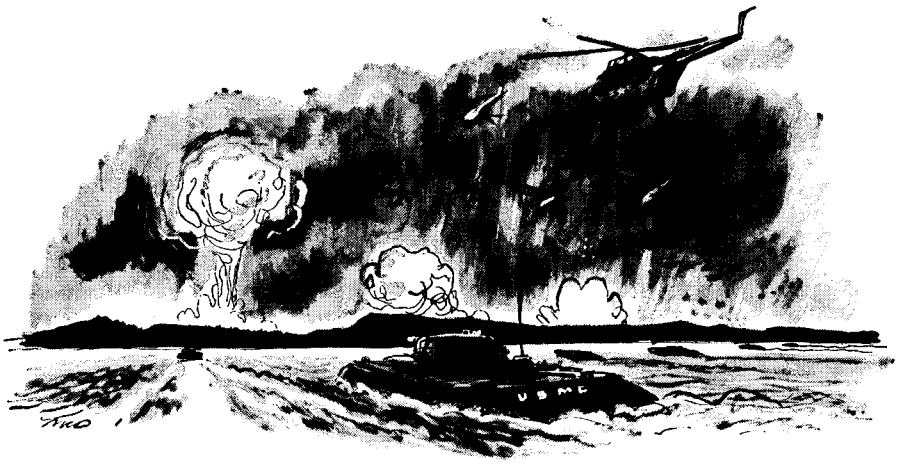
Brigadier General Rothschild (who formerly served in the Chemical Corps) has taken sharp issue with this officially stated government policy. In his *Harper's* article he wrote: ". . . we must reject once and for all the position stated by President Roosevelt that an enemy can have the first chemical or biological blow wherever and whenever he wishes. That blow could be disastrous. We must make it clear that we consider these weapons among the normal, usable weapons of war."

Actually, some confusion exists as to just what American policy on germ and gas warfare is today, i.e., whether President Roosevelt's statement is still supported by the present administration. A verbatim excerpt from Congressional testimony by General Creasy in 1958 illustrates the impossibility of knowing just what our policy is.

GENERAL CREASY: "First I will start off with the national policy." [Discussion off the record.]

REPRESENTATIVE GERALD R. FORD, JR. (D., Michigan): "May I ask how long that policy has been in effect?"

GENERAL CREASY: "Since about October, 1956, about a year and a half ago. The national policy has been implemented by a Department a Defense directive." [Off the record.]



ONE DAY this last summer, the Chemical Corps' unofficial briefing officer telephoned from Washington to say that he could see me the following Saturday at his summer residence near New York. "Bring your bathing suit," he suggested. That Saturday afternoon I sat with him for more than two hours in the living room of his summer cottage

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while he briefed me on the subject of germ and gas warfare.

After he had told me about a half dozen or more articles that were in the works for publication in various national magazines and important newspapers, I asked him: "Well, if I don't write anything on this for a couple of months, do you think the story will be dead?"

"No, no, not at all," he assured me. "You're getting in on the ground floor. This is a big new field and it's just opening up. In a few months it will probably be opened up much more than now."

"In a few months? How's that?"

"Well, there's a Department of Defense directive drawn up and if all goes well it will be sent to Murray Snyder's office [Defense Department public relations] telling him to set up a good solid public-relations program on BW and CW. [Secretary] McElroy will have to sign the directive, of course."

"Does he know about it?"

"No, I'm not sure. I don't think so. Of course a lot of other people will have to approve it. The State Department."

"And the President?"

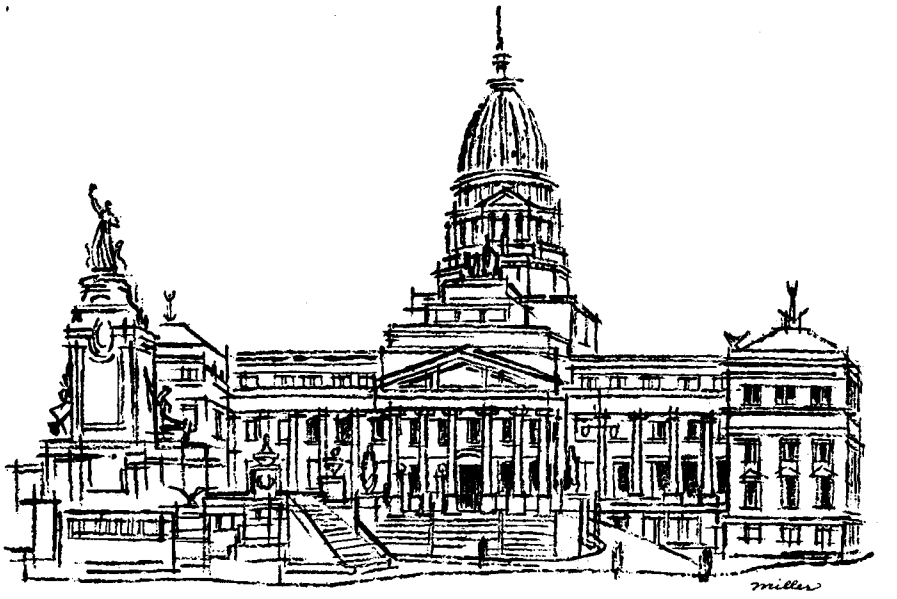
"Oh, yes. Probably. I would think he would see it."

"What would be the advantage of such a directive? You have a publicity campaign going now."

My host laughed indulgently. "Why do you think we're having this clandestine briefing? We could do all this completely in the open then. The whole field would open up. Press tours to Detrick, everything. Why, there's even a plan afoot to give some gas to some wardens for use in prison riots. You could paralyze them right where they stood. What a demonstration to the whole country that would be!" (If the prisoners received a nerve gas, presumably an antidote would be quickly administered to save their lives.)

I asked him whether he thought a broadened campaign might provoke some controversy and criticism.

"Yes," he said, "that's possible. In fact, I've told General Stubbs that he'd better expect some and if it comes he should just sit tight and not get excited and weather the storm. Then when it's over we'll pick up where we left off and continue the campaign."



President Frondizi And the Brink of Anarchy

GLADYS DELMAS

BUENOS AIRES

THE HEADLINES show only the surface eruptions in Argentina: the armed forces mutter and threaten; the streets resound with riots; strikers, from bankers to butchers, halt the national economy; President Frondizi twists and turns and reverses himself. Then a new surface calm is achieved. Nevertheless the crisis continues, deep in the fabric of the nation's life.

Argentina is a sort of bellwether for Latin America. Long the most prosperous and progressive of the South American republics, it likes to think of itself as the leader of the south, the counterpart of the United States in the north. Its fall from this high estate just when our influence within the country is making itself felt as never before could have repercussions even greater than civil war in Cuba. Furthermore, the Communist Party is already at work, capturing the leadership of various trade unions, infiltrating the lower echelons of the army, pouring oil on the fires of public discontent. Communism thrives on political chaos, economic depression, and moral confusion. All three are present in Argentina.

The political crisis is the easiest to understand. After a decade of dictatorship, and before that more than a decade of rigged elections by which the Conservatives held the power they had won in a 1930 *coup d'état*, it is not surprising that the ways of democracy should seem strange and political thought be atrophied. None of the traditional political parties has come forward with either personalities or programs equal to present-day problems. Fascists, Socialists, Radicals, and Conservatives still brandish the slogans of the 1930's, related to world depression, anarchy, and "imperialisms" long since dead. The new Christian Democratic Party is so concerned with religious education and other confessional matters that it has little time for broader issues. Frondizi's own party is a splinter of the Radicals, held together largely by his own personality and his ability to capture the votes of such disparate groups as the right-wing Catholics, the Communists, and the Peronists. Its sobriquet "Intransi-

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gent" is thus more ironic than otherwise. It has furthermore been bereft of its Radical doctrine by Frondizi's reversal of policy. A satirical review recently published a story called "Dr. Frondizi and Mr. Hyde." Dr. Frondizi is, of course, the man who won the election, promising abundance by government fiat to twenty million Argentines—and death and taxes to foreign capitalists. Mr. Hyde is the actual president who has opened wide the doors to foreign investment, proclaimed free enterprise, and instituted a program of stabilization and austerity with the aid and advice of the International Monetary Fund and assorted American banks.

This did not prevent the provincial governments, entirely in the hands of Frondizi's party, from continuing merrily on the primrose path, decreeing expropriations and discriminatory taxes, regulating commerce within their borders in defiance of the constitution, and generally ignoring the intimations of austerity from on high.

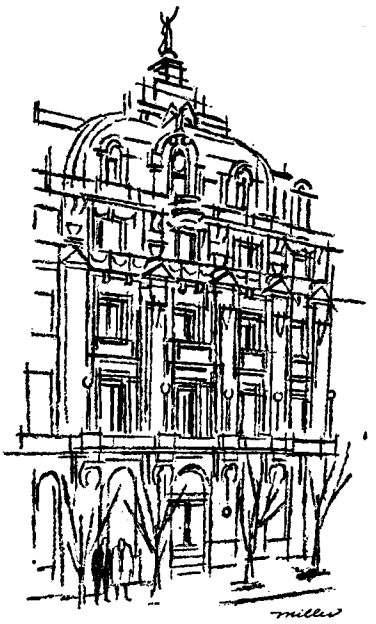
Man in the Middle

The result of this general confusion is that the public takes little interest in politics. Even during the June crisis, when the president narrowly escaped losing his seat, the excitement hardly spread beyond professional political circles. Political reviews, snatched up eagerly in the first enthusiasm for the freedom of the press after the revolution, now languish on corner newsstands. Many of them have folded. Congress has trouble assembling for lack of a quorum.

The political drama is elsewhere—and has little to do with the normal functioning of democratic government. The two main issues are the position of the armed forces within the body politic and the painful absorption of the still rebellious but dwindling mass of Perón's supporters. These are the two poles of Argentine politics today: the armed forces, strongly anti-Peronist in their majority, nostalgic for recent days of power as the government of the *Revolución libertadora;* and the Peronist masses, nostalgic too for a still more distant past, for the great days of prosperity and cockiness when the country was spending its capital in a glorious spree and defying the world in the language of the gutter.

President Frondizi has the uneasy job of trying to govern without becoming the prisoner of either of these two forces. He is gravely hampered by the fact that between the two there is a political vacuum. And since he has no safe middle ground on which to stand, his main effort has been to blur the outlines and blunt the edges of the two opposing forces.

In this respect, he has been more successful with the Peronists. Here his policy has been not only to mollify but to splinter and divide. "Peronism without Perón" has been a slogan much in vogue, and the rewards for those who followed it have been tempting—government jobs and official support in regaining control of the labor unions. Perón himself appears to have unwittingly abetted the splintering process in his fear of allowing any one man to carry his banner and get control of the movement. In any case, the once disciplined and coherent mass of Peronists is noticeably less coherent and less menacing. However, there is always the danger that these disillusioned, leaderless malcontents will become the prey of the Communist Party; already, in the labor unions, there are signs of an increasing understanding between Communist and Peronist leaders.



In dealing with the army, whose dislike of his policies, personality, and friends is no secret, Frondizi has adopted a similar course. By shuffling the higher echelons frequently he has tried to keep the situation fluid—at the same time, of course, putting men less hostile to himself into key positions.

The June crisis, however, resulted not only in the departure of the secretary of war, considered to be too closely allied with the president, but also in the army's retirement from the labor picture. (As the pinch of stabilization began to be felt with its concomitant strikes, the armed forces had successively accepted the mobilization of the workers in the oil industry, the railroads, and urban transport, and had in addition served as the instrument of government "intervention" in a number of unions.) This withdrawal did not indicate lack of support for the stabilization program. On the contrary. But the army objected to reaping the unpopularity of applying it. Certain signs of mutiny appeared even among the lower echelons when they were ordered to march against striking railroad men.

Whatever the effect of this apparent military victory in June on the internal coherence of the army, the result was to leave Frondizi to face the Peronists and the unions alone. Frondizi, however, is too wise a politician to remain in this exposed position. In one of his surprising reversals he immediately appointed as minister of economy and labor—with such tremendous powers that Argentines jokingly call him the "prime minister"—a man who campaigned against him for the presidency in 1958, and won less than one per cent of the votes. This is Alvaro Carlos Alsogaray, the only candidate who championed free enterprise and orthodox economics, and who, furthermore, as a former army officer, enjoys the support of an important sector of the armed forces. Politically the move appears to be shrewd: it removes the onus of the unpopular stabilization program from the president, while economically it gives the program, hitherto bogged down in incoherencies and misunderstandings, its first—and doubtless its last—real chance of success.

For although all this skirmishing

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between pressure groups is a fascinating game of maneuver, the vital issue in Argentina today is not politics but economics; and Argentines are not accustomed to thinking in terms of broad economic issues. A recent editorial in *La Nación* says, "We are a Latin people, with an unquestionable talent for political romanticism . . . thus the present predominance of 'economic men' in politics is only transitory . . . once present difficulties have been overcome, the country will once again turn its attention to [traditional political questions]."

The Stabilization Program

Unfortunately for this Argentine "talent"—and an irreverent observer might add *because* of it—economic issues have now become a life-and-death issue for the country. The situation is by now too well known to need more than a hasty recapitulation here: a stagnant national output, progressive decapitalization, chronic deficits in the balance of payments, an inefficient and obsolescent industrial plant, lagging agricultural production, reserves almost exhausted, a hugely increased external debt, a tremendous government deficit in spite of a budget that absorbs some thirty per cent of the national income, and as a result of all this, inflation that has pushed the cost of living up 125 per cent in the past year.

Argentina's economic crisis is far different and far more serious than neighboring Brazil's. There it is the result of growing pains, of too rapid expansion, coupled with a fall in the price of coffee. It is a long time since there has been any significant growth in Argentina; and there has been no marked drop in the world price of wheat, meat, wool, or hides. Argentina's crisis is due to a slowing down of the economy, and a general attitude like that of the grasshopper in the fable. It is a vivid example of underproduction and overconsumption.

The stabilization program announced so bravely at the end of 1958—simultaneously with the granting of "stand-by" funds by the International Monetary Fund and loans by American banks—is an effort to deal with the financial aspects of the disaster. Exchange rates have been freed and subsidies lifted, so that prices will find their true levels and the country will know where it stands. Credit has been restricted to halt the inflationary spiral. Huge surtaxes have been slapped on imports to halt the drain on reserves. The government budget, in theory at least, has been reduced, particularly in public works. This is the classical prescription for dealing with an inflationary situation.

A considerable time lag is required, however, before it can show results. Consumption must be reduced and savings accumulated before productive investment can flow in to create expansion. Frondizi, well aware of the problem, carefully calls his program "stabilization *and* development." So far, however, the only significant development has been in oil.

The new impulse given to the state oil monopoly by the revolutionary government is now beginning to show results. Production was up thirty per cent in the first six months of 1959, with a corresponding saving of foreign exchange. The foreign oil companies, chiefly American, that came in a year ago in a remarkable reversal of Argentine policy have not yet had time to produce in significant quantities; they are furthermore considerably hampered by one of the grave defects of the Argentine economy: lack of transport. Investment in other fields has been hesitant. Ford, General Motors, and Chrysler are building or enlarging plants for the manufacture of trucks. But the total of new investment is well under $100 million.

Reducing consumption is always a painful process, but particularly so in the peculiar Argentine atmosphere. In Europe after the war there was the ever-present evidence of disaster and destruction to spur people on. Here disaster is chiefly evident in statistics and, as *La Nación* points out, Argentines have little use for them. In the inflationary spiral, wages have, until very recent months, kept up with and even run ahead of prices—and paper profits have been enormous. There is still almost no unemployment.

Innocence and Indigence

The general shabbiness of the country has come so gradually that most people hardly notice it. Trains run erratically and break down chronically. Vintage cars shiver and shudder over streets and roads riddled with potholes. The sidewalks of Buenos Aires are in such a dismal condition that the wary pedestrian keeps his nose to the ground. Paint peels and walls molder, electricity flickers and falters, yet *porteños* in all innocence will ask a traveler, "Which do you prefer, B.A. or Paris?"

Distance of course contributes to the innocence. Buenos Aires may be only twelve jet hours from New York, but it is an expensive twelve hours. With the falling exchange rates, fewer and fewer Argentines can afford to travel abroad, and impenetrable customs barriers have deprived them of many products of modern technology. There is little sense here of the tremendous strides the world has made since the war. Nylon is still a luxury product, and the other synthetics are almost unknown. Most

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of the electronic wonders, except television, are things to be read about by technicians. Few Argentine housewives have ever heard of automatic dishwashers, and even detergents were unknown until a year ago. The chief means of heating in most homes is the portable kerosene stove; and even the USIS library, on Buenos Aires' most elegant street, is heated in this odorous fashion.

If this sounds harshly critical, it should be remembered that in the 1930's Argentina liked to compare itself, advantageously, with Canada. Furthermore, Argentina not only did not fight the war, but profited hugely from it. Late in 1945, it had reserves of more than $1.5 billion, or approximately the amount that would be required to revitalize its economy today. Yet it is hard for Argentines to realize how much wealth they have lost. They do not feel the spur of penury. There is still food in abundance, and the only signs of destruction are those of time and neglect.

Amid all this ignorance and complacency the task confronting the bustling new minister of economy, Alvaro Alsogaray, is not an easy one. Nevertheless, in the three months since he came to office, Alsogaray has wrought a significant change in the economic if not the political atmosphere. Thanks to his wide powers, he has been able to install a homogeneous team in all the related economic ministries (finance, industry, transport, agriculture) and in the state banks, thus putting an end, it is hoped, to the interministerial sniping and covert sabotage that so hindered the application of the new policy during its first six months. In respect to labor he has taken the position that wage negotiations should be conducted between union and management without government intervention—an important change after more than a decade of government manipulation of labor contracts.

In a series of nation-wide broadcasts he reiterates the unpalatable truths that a generation of demagogues has carefully veiled—or has been unable to see. In more intimate talks he has tried to impress the same facts on labor leaders clamoring for higher wages and businessmen clamoring for more credit.

The unions, although dismayed by the failure of the bank workers' strike in May—the first unsuccessful strike in many years—and by the threat of unemployment inherent in the stabilization program, have girded themselves for a showdown. The metal and textile industries have already been paralyzed by strikes—in mid-September some 400,000 workers were out—and for the first time since President Frondizi took office, the Communists have formed a co-ordinating committee with Peronist leaders.

Much depends on the government's success in its last-minute attempt to strengthen the tottering economy—not only for Argentina but for us as well. The program is considered to be a U.S. prescription for present ills, and as a result the reputation of the United States is wrapped up in it.

Disturbing things keep happening over and over again. Bombs explode nightly in the doorways of homes, factories, and shops. Scandals in high places keep coming to light and have done much to discredit officialdom. If the stabilization program fails, there might be no alternative to anarchy but a dictatorship of the Right—or of the Left.

Labor Day on Fifth Avenue

MARYA MANNES

From where I stood, the brightest note in New York's first Labor Day parade in twenty years was provided not by a marcher but by an onlooker. On the Fifth Avenue sidewalk on Forty-third Street, just north of the reviewing stand, was a heavy, grizzled woman in her mid-sixties, dressed in a shapeless cotton garment. Her face was slightly furry, her features homely in a recognizably East European way. But each time a contingent of workers marched by, these features lit up with extraordinary sweetness and pleasure as she shouted "Hurray for organized labor!" and clapped her hands. Nobody acknowledged her joy.

Indeed, this nine-hour file-past of nearly 115,000 union members was notable for its subdued and perfunctory spirit. Only the numbers were impressive, particularly the twenty-one thousand Ladies Garment Workers and the 19,968 Electricians. Massiveness made the point of the parade. So did the presence of many races. But the parade made another point, unintentionally to be sure: Labor, with a capital "L," is old: After watching for three hours, I would have estimated the average age of the workers as fifty, for the older men far outnumbered those under thirty. The fact that most of the younger workers may have preferred to spend their sunny holiday in the breezeways of their ranch-type houses was merely proof of a victory needing no celebration. Only the older men, with memories of the past, had answered the call this Labor Day.

Governor Rockefeller said he wished Khrushchev could have seen the parade and "the spirit of freedom and respect for human dignity written all over the faces." The Soviet

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premier would indeed have felt at home with many thousands of the passing faces, not only because their origins were the same as his but also because the features and forearms of the men who work with their hands have the universal stamp of harsh endurance. And he might have nodded approvingly at the thousand of placards held aloft, although some might have puzzled him: "Hey, McClellan—Look, No Rackets!" and "Strong Militant Unionism Means: 30 Hour Work Week; 52 Pay Checks a Year."

Freedom to Straggle

He might well have wondered, however, whether the "freedom" the governor spoke of meant the liberty to straggle—there was not a straight row in the parade—to keep out of step, to slouch and shuffle and horse around, to chew gum, to be so casual as to border on messiness. And if "dignity" meant a sense of pride in self, pride in work, and pride in purpose, Khrushchev would have been hard put to recognize it in this good-humored shambling; the winding path between regimentation and anarchy, so familiar to us, being inconceivable to him.

Khrushchev might also have echoed the disgusted comment of several bystanders: "Hell of a parade—no music." The only sounds came from some widely spaced high-school bands, a jazz float for the Musicians Local 802, and a giant pneumatic drill on the Ironworkers float, a deafening intermittent rasp that could be heard twenty blocks away. From the endless ranks of the Ladies Garment Workers a Puerto Rican contingent, mostly female, tried bravely to fuse in a native song but gave up after a few starts and chirps. Some Machinists raised their rough voices in "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," then trailed off. I heard "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" played by three of the high-school bands. But aside from these and a good deal of inter-Local joshing, there was only the shuffle of feet.

VISUALLY as well as musically, union talent seemed to run low. The few floats were without imagination or taste: gilt incrustations and red-paper flowers seemed the order of the day. The only one I saw with any humor belonged to the Plumbers: a replica of an 1883 toilet in front, a contemporary one in the back, and in between, horrendous drawings of unsanitary conditions in outdated fixtures. Humorous to the spectators if not to the Transport Workers was a scale model of the new-type subway car. "Ya," said a neighbor, "so they better show service, not cars!" Another who asked "Where's Mike Quill?" was answered by a third: "Quill? Quill don't walk. He's sittin' up there with the big shots!" The bus drivers' contingent was viewed with equally jaundiced eyes by a number of citizens. "I'd like to tell them a thing or two," muttered a woman; and a man said, "Funny how unions run to nationalities; this one's solid Irish!"

There was some truth in this. The ILGWU was, quite naturally, predominantly composed of Jewish, Italian, Puerto Rican, and Negro members, while the Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers had a large proportion of East Europeans and Balts: Lithuanians, Ukrainians, Finns, and Czechs.

As far as costumes were concerned, the great army of white-shirted men was supplied with different kinds of caps, the most prevalent being a white version of the American Legion's twin-pointed shape. The Painters, of course, wore painters' caps, and a corps of Machinists wore flat hats. The Actors brightened the scene briefly with old-fashioned costumes, a row of Musicians appeared in medieval doublet and hose carrying trumpets, and a dozen ladies of the ILGWU wore identical yellow print dresses, a pleasing touch. The man heading the Barbers' contingent wore a long red beard.

The Puerto Rican women were notable for *their* long hair and for the uncompromising femininity of their high heels. Their New York sisters had settled for "sensible" ones.

I noticed a number of small oddments. A young Bricklayer—youth seemed best represented in his union, in the Carpenters and Joiners, and in the Sheet Metal Workers—suddenly shouted "Viva France! Viva Italy! Viva America! We make fi' dollars an hour!"

One solitary union, the Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers, took note of the consumer: part of their banner read "Craftsmanship for the Public"; and thirty ILGWU members, a proud, afflicted little remnant, took note of the world. They held up a placard reading "Jewish Survivors of Nazi Persecution." There was pathos too in the busses full of the retired and pensioned, who looked out of their windows at the crowd with more bewilderment than gratification.

THERE WAS a strange and somehow stirring throwback to medieval guilds in the names of many unions as they passed. The Dockbuilders, Shorers and Piledrivers; the Tile Layers Helpers; the Bridge Structural and Ornamental; the Composition Roofers, Damp and Waterproof; the Marine Machinists; the Carpenters and Joiners; the Ironworkers. The words themselves conjured up the tough dignity of work.

Yet this Labor Day celebration was neither a festive parade nor a show of strength. It had no drum majorettes or blaring bands or gaudy trappings; it had not the marching discipline of dedication; it was just a mass gathering of trade-union members slowly proceeding along Fifth Avenue.

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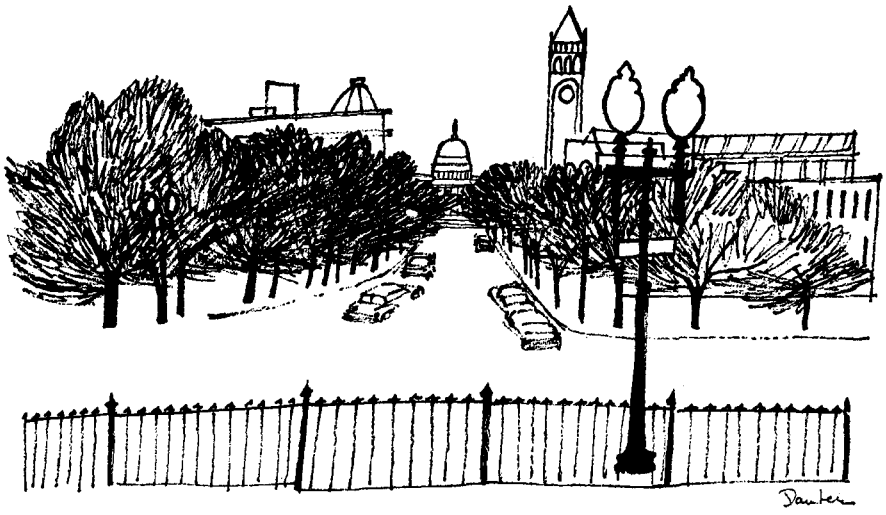

Bumping Along the Debt Ceiling

MARSHALL A. ROBINSON

ONCE AGAIN Congress has pronounced the annual magical formula that is supposed to cure its fiscal ague. It has reaffirmed the statutory ceiling on the Federal debt. Then, feeling much better, it has gone merrily on as before.

The legal debt ceiling is a major curiosity of U.S. government finance. It is a law which states that Congress does not really agree with itself. Congress decides how much the government may spend; it also decides how much income the government will receive from taxes. So it is the spending and taxing decisions of Congress that determine whether there will be a Federal deficit or not. Yet the notion of a debt ceiling pretends that the size of the debt is something altogether independent of these other decisions. Unfortunately, this pretense has cost the taxpayers millions of dollars and has forced the government into some reckless and deceitful activities.

The debt ceiling came into the lawbooks quite casually back in 1917, when Congress was seeking ways to finance the costs of the First World War. In an effort to give the Treasury more freedom in managing its sales of Liberty bonds, Congress passed the Second Liberty Bond Act, giving the Treasury broad authority to borrow up to about $11.5 billion. Later, as the costs of the war continued, it merely amended the Second Liberty Bond Act and raised the amount of its authorization. The "amendment" procedure has been retained to this day. The debts incurred during the great depression of the 1930's, during the Second World War, during the Korean War, and afterwards, were all authorized by amendments to the Second Liberty Bond Act of 1917. This summer the latest amendment brought the debt limit to $295 billion.

Budgetary Subterfuge

If the debt ceiling were always increased when the debt increased, we might merely say that it is a silly law—an innocuous reminder of an earlier day. Indeed, a "ceiling" that is lifted from $11 billion to $295 billion in forty-two years does seem to be a rather loose control. However, the law is far from innocuous; at times—the wrong times—it works!

When we say that the debt ceiling sometimes "works," we mean just that; the Treasury has been forbidden to borrow through its ordinary channels *even though Congress has appropriated the funds to be spent.* It is as if an individual, having decided to spend a thousand dollars more than his current income and assets will permit, should declare that he is not going to go into debt to get the extra cash. One of these decisions is pure nonsense.

Congress's failure to increase the debt ceiling in 1953, when it reached the limit of $275 billion established at the end of the Second World War, turned out to be a costly piece of foolishness on the part of Senator Harry Byrd's Finance Committee. Coming as it did at the very moment that the post-Korea recession was gathering force, it posed a serious barrier to a sound fiscal policy. More than this, it forced the administration into a form of budgetary subterfuge that should have made the crusaders for "fiscal integrity" blush. But they neither blushed nor apologized as they paid out millions of dollars in needless financing charges.

It worked this way. The Federal government has a number of specialized agencies with separate borrowing power. These agencies normally borrow directly from the Treasury; but when circumstances warrant, some of them can also borrow from the public. It is this borrowing power that the government has used when the debt squeeze is on. It increases debt, of course, and the debt is owed by an agency of the government; but because it falls outside the Second Liberty Bond Act, it evades the legal debt ceiling.

In late 1953 the Treasury was faced with commitments and its cash was running short. Obviously something had to be done. The administration's solution was to tell the Commodity Credit Corporation to borrow the money it needed for its programs. The CCC did as it was told, and borrowed $1.1 billion from private banks and other lenders.

The only catch was that the CCC had to pay higher interest rates than the Treasury. As a recent study published by the Brookings Institution shows, the extra cost in this case ran to an estimated $10 million. (Similar evasion of the debt ceiling in 1957 and 1958 cost the taxpayers an additional $8 million in extra interest charges.) Eventually, of course, the Treasury provided the funds to pay these "agency debts," so the net effect was merely to increase the interest payments of the government. What was gained? Obviously nothing except that a number of congressmen had an opportunity to tell their constituents, "I voted against raising the debt ceiling."

The debt ceiling can play havoc with carefully planned government

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programs. Thus, in the summer of 1957, when the administration decided to hold the debt ceiling down, it was the defense program that felt the bite. It was the debt ceiling, not a change in defense strategy, that brought the arms "cutback and stretch-out"—at the very moment that Sputnik beeped its jeering notes. Later on, when Assistant Secretary of Defense W. J. McNeil was asked by a Congressional committee whether some of the funds appropriated by Congress had been withheld, he said: "That is correct. But we had—I think if you will look at the record for some years, you will find that last fall was rather an unusual situation and that the statutory debt limit had just a bit to do with it." We may never know, or may know too late, what the full impact of these cuts have been. But one thing is certain: this sort of stop-and-go financing is not helping us win the technological arms race.

It was the debt ceiling, too, that forced the richest government in the world to renege on its commitment to its private defense contractors. These contractors then were forced to do what the government would not do—borrow money with which to continue to meet their obligations. So while the Federal debt was held in check by the ceiling, private debt grew in its place. The private borrowers had to pay higher interest rates, of course, and these higher charges showed up when they presented their final bills to the government.

And it was the debt ceiling as much as anything that helped trigger the recession of 1957 by the abrupt cutback in military procurement in the summer of that year, and which in turn prevented the automatic fiscal stabilizers from cushioning the full force of the recession once it began in the fall. (Ironically, that recession led to the largest annual deficit since the Second World War—a deficit that eventually forced the ceiling to its present level.) Government spending on goods and services actually declined by about a half billion dollars in the first six months of the recession. The government, in other words, was adding to the force of the decline in its efforts to stay under the debt ceiling.

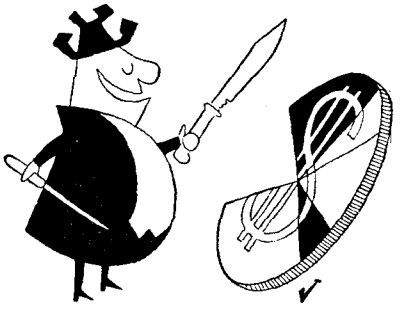
A tight debt ceiling is bound to act perversely in a period of rising unemployment. As experience has shown, a government deficit is virtually inevitable when income and employment are falling; tax revenues shrink but the government's responsibilities remain the same or may even grow. We now know that this deficit is both desirable and necessary, for it helps cushion the downswing and hastens the day when full-scale production is restored. The debt ceiling, however, has the effect of delaying and inhibiting this flexible defense against depression.

The Mirage of Discipline

The national debt is made up of a variety of individual debts – each maturing at a certain time. The Treasury offers new securities for the old ones that come due. By this process, known as "rolling over the debt," it avoids paying out cash that the government needs. Fully $75 billion is turned over this way each year—a tricky job at best, but one the Treasury has been doing for years.

When the debt squeeze is on, the "roll-over" of billions of dollars of government debt is an especially ticklish and costly affair. The only thing the Treasury can do is to offer the new batch of securities at the same moment that some old ones come due. And it must do so on the terms that will make their sale a certainty. It can take no chances on saving interest costs—it has to pay top price.

Secretary of the Treasury Robert Anderson, like his predecessor, George Humphrey, has repeatedly cited this effect of the debt limit as one reason for raising the ceiling. Yet, Secretary Anderson argued a few weeks ago, "The existence of a restrictive debt limit plays an important part in our struggle for fiscal soundness." The objective, according to the powers that rule the Treasury these days, is to have a debt ceiling that is high enough for the Treasury to do its job but low enough to maintain pressure on everything else. The attractiveness of this pipe dream is obvious, but it remains a pipe dream.



THE WAY it turns out, a tight debt ceiling is a directive to the administration to cut something—unspecified—from Congressional appropriations. This, of course, is what its proponents are counting on. Recently it has meant that the majority in Congress has unwittingly given the administration the power of the item veto. Congress has been steadfast in its refusal to grant the President the explicit power to accept some portions of its appropriations while rejecting others—yet with its debt-ceiling policy it has not only granted this power but has insisted that it be used.

When all the facts about the debt ceiling are added together, it shows up as a costly and harmful fiscal device. It survives, however, on nothing more than a myth. This is the notion that debates over the debt ceiling can force Congress to evaluate what it is doing. Former Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey used this myth when he said that raising the debt ceiling "is like breaking through a sound barrier; there is an explosion when you go through it, and there ought to be one." Anyone who reads the debates in the *Congressional Record* on the debt ceiling knows that most of the "explosion" is directed toward blame shifting and Treasury baiting, with only scant reference to the underlying fiscal problems of the government. Indeed, this is the way it must be—for debates over the debt ceiling are always concerned with the results of appropriations made a year or two earlier.

The debt-limit debate has turned into the modern substitute for Fourth of July oratory with pious pleas for industry, frugality, and a return to the ways of our fathers—and it has about the same effect. It does *not* "make Congress come to grips with fiscal reality," as the editorial writers put it. If anything, it provides a mirage of fiscal discipline; a mirage that leads the government into new crises.

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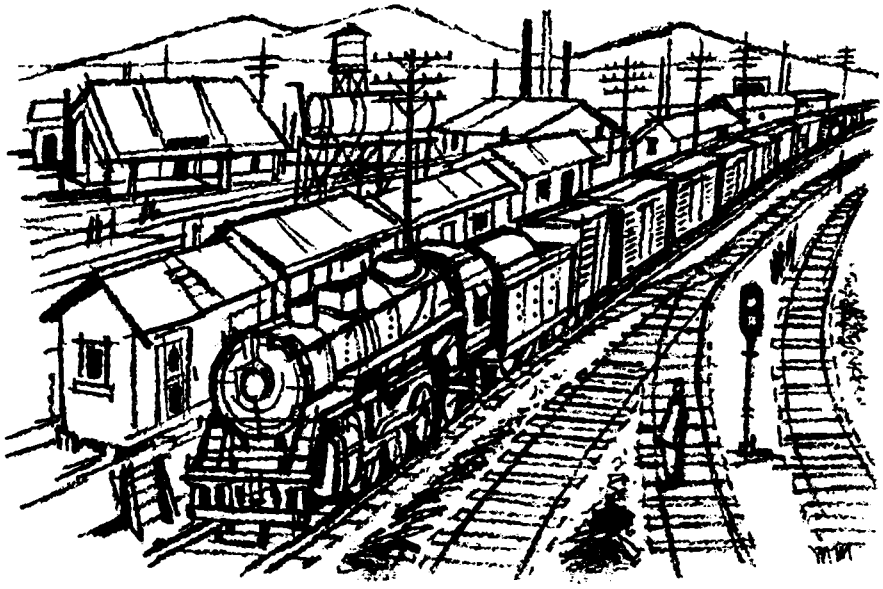

When Trains Were Really Trains

OLIVER LA FARGE

NOT LONG AGO, as our Pullman was being moved through the Chicago yards, I looked out the rear door and saw racing along, over to my left, a great steam locomotive of the kind called, I believe, a 4-8-4-wheeler, just the big handsome engine and its tender, a cloud of smoke drifting back from its smokestack, its driving rods going like mad. It seemed to me the perfect picture of power on the move. The way it affected me, making me hurry to get my little boy to the window, and my disappointment when I saw that he had missed the chance to see a real choo-choo engine, suddenly made me realize how scarce they have become, how great the danger that we are about to lose the last of a feature of America that is, to my mind, quite as worth saving as the redwoods.

My feeling about the steam trains begins in New York City, when they ran all the way to Grand Central on Forty-second Street. Park Avenue, which had been built over the tracks, was off my regular beat, so that I never became blasé about the magic of a puff of smoke breaking from a grille in the middle of the avenue blocks away, then nearer, nearer, opposite me, beyond me, so fast, and the feel in my feet of the rumbling train down there underground. I was too young to imagine for a moment that anyone could find those puffs of smoke objectionable.

My early train riding was limited and repetitious, little more than the trip to Rhode Island in the spring and back to the city in the fall, but it was enough to set the wonder of the iron horses forever. At first the panting, fire-glowing engines were in Grand Central itself—and that station a wild confusion as the present one was built while the old one continued operating, the look of the place, the darkness, the sounds of building, the wooden partitions and ramps, making a wild mélange that was a right and fitting introduction to the trains themselves. Later, electric engines pulled suavely out of the new Grand Central, but it was all right; at Stamford the steam locomotives took over, so that it was worthwhile to race up the platform at New Haven and New London for a quick stare, a hurried moment of reverence. Once you have seen an electric engine or a Diesel, you have seen it and all its brothers, but there is no end to contemplating a steam engine.

You traveled behind that audible power, enchantedly following the complex sequences of sounds when it slowed to a stop, started again, or merely altered speed, and you could spend long periods of time watching the different combinations the smoke made with the countryside, in the cuts, out over the open, weaving among trees. At intervals the engineer pulled the whistle cord and the deep, strong, musical whistle announced your passage to the land. Unique, personal experiences fell into this context and in memory remain inseparable from it, like the time—I must have been very small—when my big brother and sister gave me my first piece of chewing gum. When the flavor was gone I swallowed it, and was briefly terrified lest I be permanently gummed up, while the smoke drifted seaward over the narrow blue inlets and rocky islands of the Connecticut shore.

IN THOSE DAYS, when most roads were dirt and tires had to be taken off the wheels and patched at frequent intervals, branch rail lines were a network reaching into the darnedest places, with a striking similarity to the capillaries of our circulatory system. In my part of Rhode Island, a state not noted for its vast distances, one line ran from Kingston through Wakefield and Peacedale to Narragansett Pier, another from Wickford Junction through Belleville, Lafayette, and the town of Wickford itself, to Wickford landing, where it drew up alongside the steamer that carried the rich and elegant to Newport. These were small, intimate trains, but still endowed with bell, whistle, fire, and smoke—and still authentic, roaring choo-choos. In the neighborhood of Wickford they delivered the mail and carried out fresh fish and oysters.

Out West, the Chili Line branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Western, running from Alamosa to Santa Fe, picked up carloads of lambs and strings of red chili from one lost hamlet after another, and the Tewa Indians near Espanola counted on its whistle as the signal to leave their

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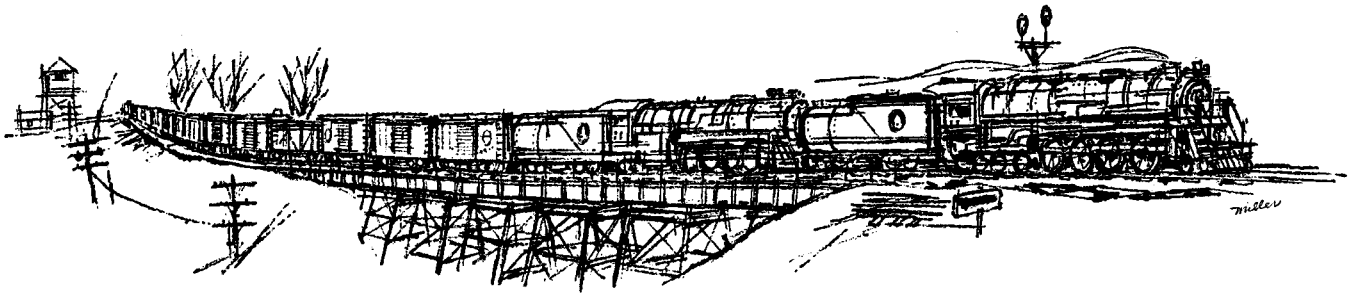

fields and go eat dinner. The tracks of all those lines have long been pulled up, and the Indians have gone back to thrusting a stick in the ground and judging noon by its shadow.

I was a man grown and had become something of a traveler when I met the Chili Line branch. That same whistle that called the Tewas to dinner spooked my pack mules so that they pounded up into the hills, and as we rode to recapture them, I remembered how, in an earlier day, we had stood at the horses' heads when we met the train at Wickford Junction. Given sufficient acquaintance, horses can get used to steam trains, but their entrances and exits are just naturally imposing, and they'll never come creeping into a station or stealing around a curve like a Diesel.

To get to the point at which I was running a pack train of my own on Indian land between Puyé and Otowi, I had had to do some traveling and use a good many trains. Among them was the sonorously named Ferrocarril Internacional Centro-Americano, which ran the length and breadth of Guatemala. Those were the first narrow-gauge engines I ever saw, my first experience of their peculiar charm, which was the result of a combination of diminutiveness and virility, like bantamweight boxers, for they were still real engines and had plenty of strength.

Obviously, to get out West, I used our own transcontinental trains with locomotives of a size, power, and majesty such as I had never seen between New York and Boston, and I admired the magnificent effort and the deep-voiced chugging of the long, twisting climbs up from the Plains country into the Rockies. My concept of trains, above all of the locomotives, gained new dimensions.

As a boy I had been told of the role of trains in the Civil War and the curious uses to which American ingenuity had put them. I had seen engravings of the meeting of the trains from east and west when the golden spike was driven, of engines stopped before the torrent of a buffalo herd, and I had read of Phileas Fogg's wonderful ride. Now, as I grasped something of the size of America, I began to grasp also the greatness of the railroads' part in it.

In the 1920's there was still plenty of ruggedness to transcontinental train travel. Without air conditioning, windows were opened and dust and smoke blew in. Before tunnels, everything had to be shut tight and

we sweltered. A young man, traveling cheap, took trains that made meal stops, where he encountered the now legendary girls of the Harvey station restaurants. There were unexpected, unexplained waits in the middle of nowhere, in prairie, desert, or mountains, when you could feel the silence and the space close in (that sounds like a contradiction in terms, but it is what happens, for in the West, emptiness is a thing), and sometimes hear a bird, or a calf calling in the distance, to bring home to you fully the din in which you had been traveling. Noise, smoke, and motion—in them was safety, the assurance that these two thin lines of steel with wilderness on either hand really would lead you to your destination and the haunts of men. When motion ceased and all was quiet, you were not so sure. All in all, you could imagine that you shared something with the pioneers of the covered wagons, and of those quaint, fabulous trains with the tall, bulbous smokestacks and the coal stoves in the parlor cars of an earlier age. Riding streamliners today behind thin-voiced Diesels, I realize that in fact we did have more in common with those old-timers than we realized.

Trains in the night crossing the wide nation, the stops, the glimpses of lanterns and snatches of voices, the whistle reaching out over the curve of the world, have been more than adequately described. (I doubt that Thomas Wolfe would have written as he did of trains had he ridden only on the streamliners of today.) I shall not add to the descriptions; I want to use the nighttime train simply to bring us back fully to my subject, the engines, the smoke-and-steam-breathing, fire-carrying, well-voiced creatures. The train of cars is inanimate. Barring the allowance we must make for everyone's feeling about cabooses, it is just the engine's load; disconnect it, and it has no character. The tender is the engine's faithful follower and necessary helper. What gives the whole assemblage life is the engine, and as you lay in your berth at night, even after air conditioning had sealed the windows, this was made unforgettably manifest in the ritual drumming of the start after each stop, the first heavy puffs, the very choo-choo, the old chant of "I think I can, I think I can . . ." and so on to the full triumphant rush of the fast beat in which the single strokes were almost, but not quite, blended into a continuous roar.

Always, the romance comes back

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to the steam engine, one of the two most animate things man ever made, the other being the sailing ship. In these engines there was a wonderful continuity. In 1829, our first locomotive, imported from England, made a run in the United States. It was, comparatively, a feeble thing. The locomotives grew up almost exactly in step with the opening of the West. Conestoga wagons had been used in Pennsylvania for freighting some seventy-five years earlier, but the westward-venturing prairie schooner was the contemporary and complement of the steam locomotive. Between the two, the continent was occupied and its extremes tied together; then the work of the schooners ended, while that of the engines had hardly begun. It was they that made possible the internal commerce without which the West would never have been worth really populating. Without the steam trains, Texans would still be slaughtering gaunt longhorns and shipping only the hides; without the steam trains, California oranges and Oregon apples would still be strictly for local consumption.

The great work was done by the nearest thing to a real dragon the world has known since the age of dinosaurs—but there were no men around to fear and admire the dinosaurs, and at their fearsome best they were cold beasts. The engines were lovable, docile, useful dragons, adored by generations of children and by those children grown up. It is all one lineage, from that first specimen to the giants that we rode behind until just the other day.

No wonder that songs and tales gathered around them—"Casey Jones," "The Wreck of the Old 97." No wonder that, even today, children's books and toys present the steam engines, and a delightful children's record, "Sparky and the Talking Train," features one. The grown-ups, the book and record makers, the designers of toys, the buyers of gifts, cannot quite bring themselves to admit that this inheritance has all but gone. The children first learn "choo-choo," one way or another, but then one day they come up with the observed fact that the noise trains make is "chick-a-chick," and we are soon forced out of our memories. In only a few places now in our country can a choo-choo be seen; in its place we have a chick-a-chick, which blows a whistle that makes a piddling sound, scientifically calculated for audibility and about as impressive as the cry of a medium-sized cat.

We are in immediate danger of losing forever a genus of creatures as well worth saving, I repeat, as the redwoods or the whooping cranes. I am a writer, not an organizer, so I am writing this piece in the hope of stirring up others, perhaps someone who does know how to organize and get things done, to act to save a few steam locomotives for their children and for themselves. A number of cities at this time are arranging or have already arranged to have an iron horse mounted on a pedestal, little more than a museum exhibit of a dead dragon. Surely it would be worthwhile to save a few live ones, to get the railroads to come together on an arrangement for running a few steam trains in some sort of rotating arrangement about the country.

When the steam train arrived, schools would let out, you may be sure. Or if they did not, innumerable parents and uncles would bring the small fry and gladly pay, for the young and for themselves, to take even a short ride once more behind a choo-choo and to stand on the platform and admire it.

TRAVEL

Venice Sinking?

JAMES MORRIS

Venice sprang from the sea fourteen centuries ago, and to round its story off aesthetically—so many a romantic has felt—it only needs to sink into the sea again, with a gurgle and a moan. Tintoretto, in a famous painting, portrayed the place finally overwhelmed by a tidal wave. Rose Macaulay was planning a novel about the last submergence of the city, a city born out of the waters, and returned at last into the womb.

Nor is the idea altogether fanciful. You have only to take a gondola down the Grand Canal, observe the crumbled façades about you and watch the thickened lapping of the water, to realize how precariously aged Venice is. Many a grand palace looks distinctly tottering, like a crook-back patrician in threadbare ermine. Many a bell tower leans at a disconcerting angle. There is a long tradition of collapsed towers in Venice, from the campanile of the Caritas, which fell into the Grand Canal with such a splash that a fleet of gondolas was left high and dry in a neighboring square, to St. Mark's itself—which subsided gently in 1902, killing a tabby cat which, removed to safety a few moments earlier, foolishly insisted upon returning to its victuals. Venice is built upon soggy mudbanks, and rests upon a forest of stakes—1,156,672, so they say, support the Church of the Salute: nobody can wonder if it wobbles a bit now and then.

But the city is not going to collapse from sheer senility. The palaces, though they often look ominously cracked and bulging, are substantially built, and Venetian engineers have devised means of reinforcing their foundations by injections of concrete—surgery needed most urgently when a canal is deepened to allow the passage of larger boats. The campaniles, though much feebler, are buttressed by hidden stanchions and supports, like game but rocky wisdom teeth. As long ago as 1688, an engineer succeeded in straightening the toppling tower of the Carmine Church. Even earlier, in the fifteenth century, a Bolognese named Aristotle managed to restore to the vertical the leaning campanile of San Angelo. His method, secret to himself, was only temporarily successful, for the very next day after the removal of his scaffolding the tower collapsed altogether, and Aristotle fled ignominiously to

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Russia, where he helped to build the Kremlin. The problems facing Venetian engineers are usually peculiar to themselves, offering no guiding precedents or parallels; but we need not doubt that the city can at least be kept on its feet for a good many centuries to come.

WHAT IS LESS CERTAIN is whether its feet can be kept dry. Though the process is much less dramatic than the jeremiads imply, it is more or less true that Venice is slowly sinking into the waters of the lagoon. The Venetian lagoon is tidal and shallow. At high tide it is mostly watery. At low tide it is mostly mud. Within its wide crescent enclave two geological evolutions are now occurring: the water is going up, and the mud is going down. Look again at the houses beside you as you pass down the Grand Canal and you will notice how often the water rises above their doorsteps and even seeps into the ground floors. Centuries ago, the merchant-aristocrats of Venice used to store their bales of silk, damask, and brocades upon the canal floors of their great houses; today those fineries would be ruined in a week.

All over Venice you may see evidence of this process—pillars that have been successively heightened as the general level of the city has been forced upwards. The piazza of St. Mark's is nowadays often flooded by the spring tides—a picturesque exigency unknown to the ancients. If you peer over the workmen's shoulders when they remove the paving stones for a drain or a water pipe, you may sometimes see the remains of another street about a yard below, built in the fourteenth or fifteenth century when the lagoon was lower. Venice has often hitched up her skirts to keep clear of the damp, successively heightening the level of streets and squares; but the water is gaining, so they say, at the rate of an inch every ten years—which means that in just 3,612 years the potted azalea on the terrace of my third-floor apartment will be watered by the Grand Canal.

This is mainly a natural phenomenon, but it is also in some measure humanly induced. The dredging of deep-water entrances into the lagoon (down which, as you may see from your hotel window, the white Italian liners sail with incomparable grace) has increased the flow of the tides and affected the natural balance of the lagoon. So has the deepening of canals inside the city, and the constant scouring of the waterways to remove silt. The diversion, several centuries ago, of the rivers that used to pass through the lagoon into the sea has apparently (for reasons I am unable to master) heightened the level of water rather than lowered it. Earth tremors have contributed to the subsidence of the mudflats, but so have various industrial activities on the mainland, and if they start drilling for oil—they are prospecting now—the mud may sink a great deal faster, and Venice with it.

IT IS technically possible to arrest this movement. In Florida, I am told, well-heeled communities threatened with subsidence by neighboring oil drills have been successfully propped up: salt water has been injected into cavities under the soil to replace pressures lost by the removal of oil. This would, though, be prohibitively expensive for Venice, and the city engineers do not even consider it as a possibility. No, they say, for the moment we must just wait and see. It is a slow emergency, like the ones that sometimes threaten the Mississippi towboats ("Time for a cup of coffee," as a towboat captain once remarked to me, "before we get thinking what to do"). At the moment the engineers are more concerned with keeping the place upright and healthy than with rescuing her from a distant and still hypothetical fate. Still, if the romantics bide their time, they may yet see the old sea mistress obeying her obvious destiny—her towers and mansions slipping in lurches beneath the mud, until only the high golden baubles of St. Mark's remain fitfully glittering through the water, and all the rest is seaweed.

ART

Homage to Sir Jacob

HILTON KRAMER

WITH THE DEATH of Sir Jacob Epstein in London on August 20, one of the strangest artistic careers of modern times has come to an end. Epstein was the rare example of a serious modern artist whose career had been safeguarded by the public rather than the community of fellow artists. For decades he enjoyed a renowned international patronage. He was one of the very few artists of our time to have faced the temptations of success on a grand scale and come through with his artistic soul intact.

He had not always been the public's darling. Very few artists of the twentieth century had to face a more vilifying campaign of insult and abuse, but of course the intensity of this campaign was a testimony to Epstein's public standing. He might remark in his *Autobiography* that he had had "to create heroic works from time to time in my studio, without commissions and with little or no encouragement from official bodies," but he clearly regarded such a state of affairs—which most serious artists for a hundred years have looked upon as the normal condition of existence—as an exceptional and temporary circumstance. If his monuments were often abused and even disfigured, it was because they occupied positions of prominence in the public eye.

Epstein was, moreover, the greatest portrait sculptor of the age, the successor to Rodin in this genre, and no sculptor since Rodin had enjoyed a distinction comparable to his in the realm of sponsorship. His subjects included the most celebrated names in the cultural and political life of our time. All in all, there was something old-fashioned, something utterly unmodern, in the vigor and combativeness with which Epstein conducted his public life as an artist. He seems never to have accepted the twentieth-century idea of the artist's isolation.

He was obviously a man of ex-

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traordinary character and a tireless will, and yet I think he was able to succeed in this highly untypical career largely by reason of a single decision. Epstein was born in 1880 on New York's lower East Side, the son of Jewish immigrants. He studied art in New York and then in Paris, but very early in his life as an artist—in 1905, when he was twenty-five—he decided in live in England. It was not only a geographical choice but a moral and aesthetic decision as well. Above all, it was a decision about the life of art in the twentieth century. Epstein had never felt at ease in the bohemian artists' milieu of Paris; he hated the life of the cafés. (For a sculptor to have turned his back on Paris in the year 1905 constitutes in itself, I think, a historic distinction of a kind.) A brief return to New York ruled out his native city. He chose London, and thereby determined his whole future course.

LIKE SARGENT before him, Epstein thus consciously chose to become an English rather than a French artist. In both instances there may have been an element of shrewd calculation, but in both cases too there was something fundamental at stake. In electing to be English they voted themselves out of the modern movement and threw the fate of their art on the mercy of the public. Although Sargent was one of the most gifted painters of his time, he succumbed in the end to the terms of his own success and only rarely lived up to the brilliance of his talent. Epstein, however, succeeded in becoming something more than the Sargent of sculpture. Perhaps it was his humbler origin, together with that legendary tenacity which inspired so many gifted Jews of his generation to pursue ideal goals, which provided him with a solid defense against corruption.

Epstein did not, to be sure, come out entirely free of losses. No artist of the period turned his back on Paris with impunity. The isolation of London from the modern movement was profound, and one sees the effect of that isolation wherever Epstein tried to essay a truly modernist statement. It is for this reason, I think, that his portrait sculptures are so much greater than his other work, and are so much more his own than

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THE FLOWERS OF HIROSHIMA

by EDITA MORRIS

VIKING

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his carvings and monuments. The latter remain fixed in the style and thinking of the period before the First World War—the period when Epstein saw a good deal of Modigliani and Brancusi—when the influence of African, Egyptian, and other alien styles was beginning to make itself felt in avant-garde circles. For artists of the School of Paris, the violent eclecticism of this influence was ultimately transmuted into a variety of authentic and original styles; but on his own in London, isolated from the intellectual ferment which transformed alien images into new and complex ideas, Epstein was never able to carry through that side of his art to a truly individual statement. In the formal clumsiness and intellectual confusion of his "modern" pieces, we see the price he paid for his English provincialism.

FOR THIS REASON, too, Epstein has had little influence on younger artists in England and America. At a moment when sculpture has been passing through something of a renaissance on both sides of the Atlantic, Epstein has not counted as an influence on anybody. It may be that in some remote way the younger generation of English sculptors owes him something by way of his moral example, but his sculpture is certainly not regarded as a source of ideas. It is too individual and at the same time too traditional. It is least of all a doorway into the next phase of modernism, and it is *that* which is the principal *raison d'être* of sculpture in England today. Even now, to be "modern" still constitutes a conscious aesthetic decision for an artist in England—and it is this decision which English sculptors have now taken—whereas an artist in Paris or New York decides to be modern at precisely the same moment he decides to become an artist.

It was in his great series of portraits that Epstein's art came to its full glory and power. He worked in the tradition of Rodin, and yet he submitted this tradition to the demands of a very personal mode of expressionism. This too was a mark of Epstein's distance from the School of Paris. Of all the modern styles, expressionism is the least dependent on intellectual clarity and the most vulnerable to the pressures of sensibility and passion. Rodin may have provided Epstein with a syntax for his portrait style, but it was Sir Jacob's own expressive power that made his work in this genre unique.

Of Epstein as a portrait artist one could almost say that he was less a creator—in the intellectual sense—than a collaborator: the ravages of time on the human visage were always his "first impression." In the great series of master portraits by which his name will go down to posterity—the busts of Conrad, Einstein, Weizmann, Shaw, and Haile Selassie, as well as the many exquisite, sensual women who posed for him—it was the mark of physical decay, the scars of experience on those human faces, which formed the expressive locus of his final image. In this realm, where feeling counted for a great deal, Epstein could get along supremely well without the intellectual refinements of Paris.

RECORDS

Music of the Streets

NAT HENTOFF

IT IS the contention of Tony Schwartz, a thirty-six-year-old New Yorker for whom a tape recorder is a constant third ear, that there is much more music in the streets than we realize.

In *New York 19* (Folkways), Schwartz has focused on a study of "the folklore of the community in which I live." Postal Zone 19 in New York is bounded by Sixtieth Street on the north, Forty-eighth Street on the south, the Hudson on the west, and Fifth Avenue and the Rockefeller Center enclave on the east.

Among the music makers he has collected therein are street players, theater barkers, pen criers (". . . you can go downtown, uptown, into town, in the summertime, in the wintertime. . . All the way through, you'll never get a pen like this. . . You can write Yiddish, English. . . You can print; you can sketch with this very same pen"), children, street preachers, a Puerto Rican religious service, a molten Negro gospel tune, and several other daily local music events that are not covered by the New York *Times* or *Musical America*.

Schwartz's biggest success to date is *1, 2, 3 and a Zing Zing Zing* (Folkways), subtitled "Street Games and Songs of the Children of New York City." In it he recorded Negro, Puerto Rican, Jewish, Irish, and other children in an area two blocks wide and twenty blocks long in west midtown Manhattan. "In the folk process," Schwartz explains in his

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notes for the set, "songs are generally passed along from adult to child. In street games and songs, the process differs; they are passed from child to child."

There's a dithyrambic section, "Rhythm," that "was recorded in the basement of a housing-project apartment building." Negro and Puerto Rican teen-agers accompany their singing with "one bongo drum, several chairs, a long wide wooden bench, metal waste baskets, several sticks, a hair comb covered with tissue paper and an empty Pepsi-Cola bottle." The album also contains some of the most naturally flowing singing ever recorded—a twelve-year-old girl leading a group of children in songs she'd learned at Fresh Air Fund camps.

A MORE DETAILED sound sketch by Schwartz of urban "folk" speech rhythms is *The New York Taxi Driver* ("Spontaneous, in-the-cab recordings of actual New York City cab drivers," Columbia). "Now if I go home and give her a good day's pay," one driver describes his union, "she's happy. She's happy, I'm happy. Avoid all trouble. She's got the kids ready to say as soon as I come in the house, 'How much did you make today, Daddy?' Out in the street, they'll call out, 'Daddy, how much did you make today?' 'Shut up, will ya, you want everyone to know my business?' "

Schwartz was trained as a commercial artist. His now full-time involvement in "sound hunting" began in 1946 when he bought a wire recorder to make off-the-air recordings of folk-music broadcasts. Gradually the avocation took up more and more of his time, and now, besides creating albums, Schwartz does sound tracks for films and TV shows, radio and TV commercials based on street speech and attitudes, radio programs, and even an occasional night-club turn with his tape machines at the Baq Room on Sixth Avenue between Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth Streets.

Schwartz's WNYC radio program *Sounds of My City* (Folkways) won the first-place Prix Italia in the World Radio Festival at Rimini three years ago. He had originally prepared a version of the program for CBS, which had balked at paying the $2,000 initiation fee for the festival. When WNYC finally entered the program, the cost was assumed by the National Association of Educational Broadcasters.

The album, like several other Schwartz collections (most notably *Music in the Streets* and *Millions of Musicians,* Folkways), is a startling reminder of the uniqueness of the familiar. There are sounds of ships, shoeshine boys, the staccato matter-of-factness of doormen at strip joints, and the vigorously diversified music and speech textures of the language groups within the city. A particularly vivid skein of examples is made up of a Jewish Friday-night religious service at home, a jaunty Italian saint's-day parade, a vibrant Puerto Rican store-front church service; and an eighteenth-century hymn, "Joy to the World," transformed by a Harlem choir a week before Christmas into a much clearer illustration of where the indigenous Afro-American beat in jazz came from than any jazz history book offers.

The same *Sounds of My City,* which is composed in large part of excerpts from other Schwartz albums, also has caught such city sounds as politicians and their sound trucks ("My opponent has no program. His ten years of inactivity, unavailability, and futility have *demonstrated* that he has no program"); spitting, wailing cats at three in the morning; and the buoyantly unself-conscious play speech of a fourteen-month-old.

IT WAS SCHWARTZ who made the first recorded documentary of the Puerto Rican experience in New York (*Nueva York,* Folkways). The project, begun in 1948, took eight years and is a painfully evocative self-portrait of the emigrants. A mordant juke-box record, "A Puerto Rican Peasant in New York," is played as a Puerto Rican translates the lyrics into English. The languid background guitars contrast ironically with the determined words: "I am going back to Puerto Rico even if I have to go back swimming. There, even just eating bananas, I will go through life singing."

Schwartz includes a West Side woman's comments on the "filth and misery" of the Puerto Ricans on the streets between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive. ("I wish they

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hadn't come here in the first place. They aren't welcome.") For counterpoint, there are stories by Puerto Ricans of hostile engagements with landlords and the oppressive apartments once they get them. There's a Puerto Rican teen-ager who says: "They come by and watch us dancing out in the street and they think it's terrible and disgusting; but you know, they do the same thing too, only in night clubs."

Nueva York contains Puerto Rican children learning English by telling the story of Little Red Riding Hood ("You have a big eyes . . . you have a big mouth . . . O.K., my mother, I come for take a lunch to you . . . The family sit in the bed and eat good fruit"), along with a teacher's reaction ("We find it difficult to teach children who are hungry . . . the special class *is* to teach them English, but before you can teach them English, you've got to make them warm and comfortable").

Schwartz has several works in progress: an album on the folklore of foods, involving sound expeditions to foreign restaurants; a study of a pawnshop and its clients; a survey of superstitions; an investigation of what children think of their teachers; and an album of people's reactions to radio and TV. He has also recorded for Vanguard *The Sound of Children,* a series of conversations among children.

"THE AVERAGE album I make," says Schwartz, "takes about five years. Some have required only one year and others take as much as nine." He has also done a boxing documentary that was originally commissioned by a major label, "but they felt it was too sad. They wanted more of the glory of it all and couldn't stand the tragedy."

Schwartz works with a Nagra, a Swiss tape recorder that weighs sixteen pounds. He carries it nearly all the time, since he never knows when he'll hear a city sound he wants to file. "The best recordings I've done," Schwartz notes, "are those I've made openly. If you can establish a relationship with the people you record, you can have a ton of equipment and they won't feel self-conscious. Sure, I suppose you can call what I do 'candid' recordings, but by 'candid' I mean frank, not hidden."

BOOKS

The Uses of Adversity

SAUL BELLOW

FIVE FAMILIES, by Oscar Lewis. *Basic Books. $5.50.*

To the writing of this book, Professor Lewis has brought several sound ideas. He points out that "many Americans, thanks to the anthropologists, know more about the culture of some isolated tribe in New Guinea, with a total population of 500 souls, than about the way of life of millions of villagers in India or Mexico and other underdeveloped nations which are destined to play so crucial a role in the international scene." I am willing to grant that such ignorance may be dangerous, though I believe that thought and imagination can make good the defect and I am by no means convinced that an increase in information will inevitably alter our mental and spiritual condition. I prefer to interpret Professor Lewis's remark as a reproach to those of his colleagues who are still investigating terms of kinship among the Paiute – what does it profit me to learn how to address the cousins of my mother-in-law in that tongue? – and who shun the majority of mankind. He has decided that the lives of peasants and of dwellers in the slums of Mexico City would repay close scrutiny, and he is right about that. His results are valuable and, to me, fascinating. In elaborate detail he describes the daily existence of five families, borrowing (rather apologetically) a device from the novel—"a day as the unit of study," in his own words. It makes him needlessly uneasy. "Actually," he says, "it has as many advantages for science as for literature and provides an excellent medium for combining the scientific and humanistic aspects of anthropology." He calls his method "ethnographic realism." I suppose he will need a heavy cover to protect himself from the gibes and blows of his colleagues, their cries of "subjectivity" and "bias." "Ethnographic realism" sounds suitably thick and I hope it will shield him.

THE FIRST of Mr. Lewis's families still lives in the village and works the land, planting plums, coffee, avocados, and corn—mostly corn. The bed of Pedro Martínez and his wife stands in the kitchen behind a barrier of empty plum crates. At night Pedro adjusts "the wooden board which served as a door at night to keep out the animals." The tale of the Martínez family is old, brief, and familiar—poverty, primitive simplicity, hard labor. The condition of the Gómez family in the *vecindad* or tenement of Mexico City near the Thieves' Market is different rather than better:

"Of the 5.2 million dwellings reported in the Mexican census of 1950, 60 per cent had only one room and 25 per cent two rooms; 70 per

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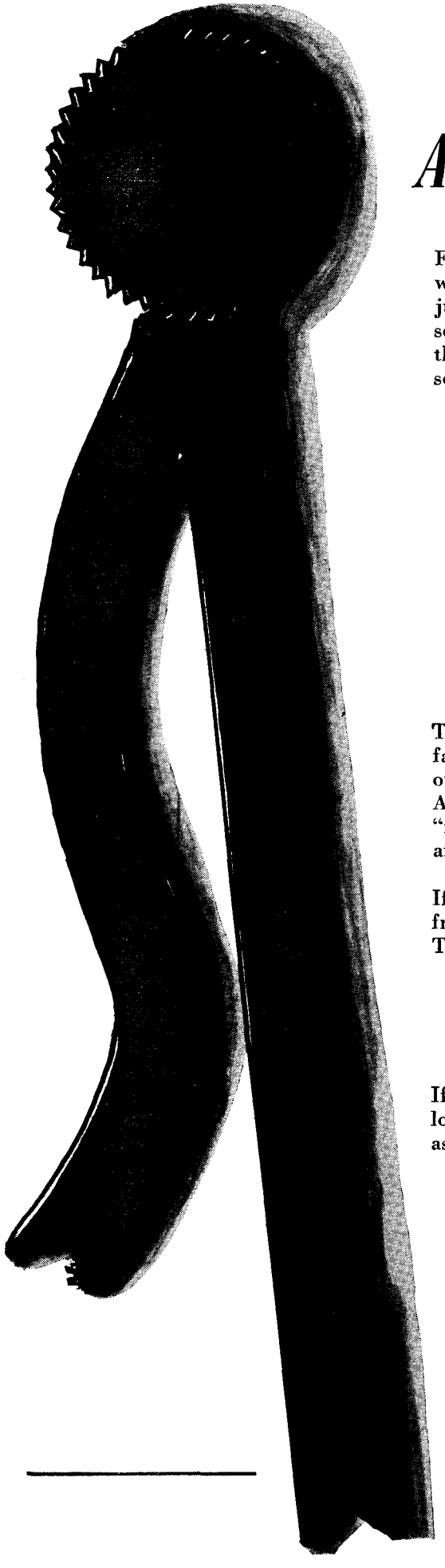

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cent of all houses were made of adobe, wood, poles and rods, or rubble, and only 18 per cent of brick and masonry. Only 17 per cent had private, piped water. . . .

"Monthly income per capita per household ranged [in this particular *vecindad*] from 23 to 500 pesos ($3-$40)." These are by no means the lowest living standards in Mexico City, says Professor Lewis. He adds that the possession of a radio—seventy-nine per cent of the households have them—no longer indicates wealth. I would go further; it is probably indispensable to modern poverty.

The accounts of the families of Sánchez and Gutiérrez are explorations of the situation of the modern poor who only yesterday were peasants and now belong to the drab swarms of the city. Gutiérrez is a gadgeteer and works at home; he fills up toy bottles, and schemes ineffectually. Sánchez is a restaurant worker. Their families are large, for these common-law marriages and polygamous connections seem unusually fertile. Their houses are malodorous, wretched, and crowded, their diet is of the worst, and they are perhaps even shabbier in their factory-made clothing than they were in the *calzones* and shawls of former times.

The lives of all these people are filled with anxious calculations about the penny, the centavo. Yet if the poor did not center their anxious and repetitious cares upon the penny, they would endanger a long-established balance. I am not speaking here as an economist. I am thinking rather of scarcity as the foundation of a system of reality which the rich share with the poor. It is by no means the only system of reality known to mankind, and it would take an enemy of mankind to call it the best, but it is certainly the oldest and most universal system that exists.

Professor Lewis's account of poverty is in some details exotic (the Indian villager in the Mexican capital), but the strange quickly shades into the familiar. Agustín Gómez, a bus driver, rising at four in the morning, feels "particularly weak, empty, and unable to carry on" until after the breakfast his wife does not prepare for him (he has lately been impotent with her). "Agustin crossed the narrow space between the cot and the foot of the big bed and entered the kitchen, turning on a bare electric light that glared through the open doorway into the bedroom. Ordinarily he used a flashlight; today he wanted to annoy his wife. But the sleepers, their faces covered by blankets, did not stir. Agustín poured a glassful of dark green liquid from a pot on the stove and drank it down, grimacing as he did so. A street-curer had prescribed it along with a pint of pulque . . . He used the toilet, then looked for a comb on the cluttered back ledge of the wash tub that served as kitchen sink. The sink was full of water, for Rosa used it to save water when the landlord turned it on briefly several times a day. Not finding a comb, he dipped his hand in the water and plastered down his hair with his fingers. He rinsed his mouth with clean water from a jug and washed his hands gingerly, drying them on a corner of the table-cloth." He is off to work, then, until far into the night, stopping to rest only briefly with his patient and youthful mistress, by whom he has a child.

Guillermo Gutierrez wears shorts of sacking and never ties his shoelaces because he believes they shorten the life of the shoe. About him, like a pack rat, he keeps scraps of iron and machinery, old bottles, bicycle parts, a broken-down Pepsi-Cola cooler. He pays one hundred pesos ($8) a month on a television set costing seventy-five hundred. Not only does it bring him a peso or two a day from children who come to watch the programs, but he confidently hopes to sell the machine at a profit. He is the founder, also, of a loan society and the author of a number of improbable schemes. He hopes, for instance, to sell to the municipal government his plan for a new type of brothel. Julia, his wife in free union, is his senior by twelve years, a grandmother; she peddles towels in the streets.

But the doors of the houses of Gutiérrez, Gómez, and Sánchez are open and the neighbors and relatives come and go, gossiping, consulting, confessing, eating; and with the noisy squalor there is a vitality which seems to vanish when the poor attain the privacy and cleanliness of the middle classes—when apparently there is no reality with which to replace the one anciently founded on labor and hardship. Dr. Lewis has included for contrast one *nouveau riche* family, the Castros. They are a family, as Oliver La Farge correctly observes in his foreword, "to dismay Chekhov, to stand Zola's hair on end." Mr. La Farge mentions the rarity among the poor families of contentment or happiness, the absence of demonstrative affection and the gentler, less utilitarian emotions. But the boredom of the Castros is a form of suffering which the poor are spared, and I can't entirely agree that among the poor the utilitarian emotions prevail at all times over the rest. Julia Gutiérrez uses coarse language and smells of alcohol, but she has settled down with Guillermo—who shows slight sexual interest in her—because he needed her help. "She became fond of him and the children [his children], even though she realized that in this relationship she would have to give more than she received." At night Julia talks about the high prices and her difficulties in selling towels, but, she says, as she sits drinking beer with her neighbors, "hope dies last." Some of the older

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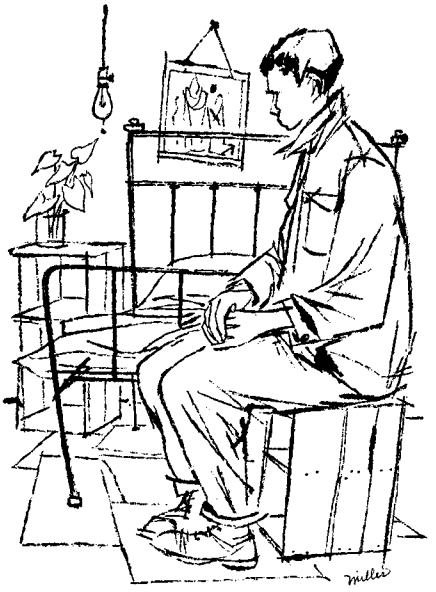

women seem to be particularly decent and humane. "I am a child of God. I don't even know how old I am," says Lupita Linares, the wife in free union of Sánchez. Urban poverty is not likely to take away the folk wisdom and humaneness of these peasants. Nor, on the other side, is it likely that the radio will lift their gloom.

The lives of the Castros with their new wealth stand as a warning that the heart may empty as the belly fills. Wild, senseless, random spending can appease for only a moment the terrible rage of Isabel Castro against her frightful husband and their sons. The anarchy described in this family is, I believe, a common and universal characteristic of middle-class life, and what we feel as the dullness of that life is the effect of the policing and repression by the conventional will. Human history can fairly be described upon one level as the history of scarcity, and now that technology extends the promise of an increase of wealth we had better be aware of a poverty of the soul as terrible as that of the body. The lives of the poor move us, awaken compassion, but improvement of their lot merely by the increase of goods and comforts deprives them of the sense of reality based upon their experience of scarcity.

What Is She?

DEAR SYLVIA,

Your book* is a delight. It will be widely read by all those interested in Joyce, Hemingway, Scott Fitzgerald, etc. And by those who participated, even in a small way, in the mad twenties. Besides, how could anyone concerned with Franco-American relations possibly ignore it? You know that we are legion; just think of the excitement recently caused by your exhibit of the "Années Vingt" so handsomely staged by the U.S. embassy in Paris. I should certainly review it if I could only think of a way of handling so personal a volume of memoirs.

For the tone of voice throughout your book—and this is what makes it so attractive—is inalienably yours. While reading it I felt that you were simply talking there across the table. In telling of your first meeting with Joyce in the summer of 1920, for instance, you throw in this paragraph:

"There, indeed, was Ezra, stretched out in a big armchair. According to an article of mine in the *Mercure de France,* Pound was wearing a becoming blue shirt matching his eyes, but he wrote to me immediately to say that he had never had blue eyes at all. So I take back the blue eyes."

That is precisely your modest, charming self that your friends have long admired. But how you manage to get it down on paper without spoiling it remains a mystery. The same quality is apparent in the delicious story of how you succeeded in passing off on Frank Harris a copy of Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women* as exciting "hot stuff" for train reading. It is also present in your account of the dinner with Arthur Symons and Havelock Ellis, the one regaling himself as a *fin gourmet* and the other limited to mere vegetables and plain water. As it is in the story of the distinguished-looking lady in black bowing like royalty to everybody at the opening of Antheil's *Ballet-Mécanique* in 1925—who turned out to be your

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own concierge and naturally knew everyone.

This is about where I came in, Sylvia. Our first encounter took place just after my freshman year when, like most alert Americans in Paris, I dropped in at 12 rue de l'Odéon, under the hanging metal sign representing a Frenchified Shakespeare, to buy a copy of *Ulysses*. That was a reprint of the original *Ulysses* in 732 pages with several misprints per page, which you had labored so to bring out in Paris after it had been banned in all English-speaking countries. Quite an adventure to smuggle it through our customs, but no self-respecting traveler dared return without one. No wonder that Lawrence sent emissaries as imposing as Richard Aldington and Aldous Huxley and finally came himself to urge you to publish *Lady Chatterley's Lover*! Your paragraph explaining why you couldn't take on that assignment would be more convincing if you had stressed that Lawrence's novel, already published in Florence in the same circumstances that had governed your issuing of *Ulysses*, did not really need your services.

As you doubtless recognized even then, I really belonged on the other side of the rue de l'Odéon because of Adrienne Monnier's Maison des Amis des Livres at No. 7, which specialized in the best of French literature. Both you and Adrienne maintained circulating libraries—a very new idea in France at the time—and neither of you ever compromised as to the quality of the books you lent and sold. The photographs of writers cluttering the walls of your two shops clearly indicated in advance who were your private gods. And many of us suspected that occasionally photographs and gods crossed the street.

But your gods were not always mine. (I wish I had been there when Jack Kahane arrived and asked about Joyce: "How's God?") Naturally your memoirs center about Joyce—after all, you were his closest friend and only publisher for many years, during which anyone could see him sitting by your desk and conferring with you—but your readers will be grateful to you for providing such a general picture of the twenties and thirties in Paris. We didn't always get from you the Contact Editions, the limited publications of Harry and Caresse Crosby, the *Transatlantic Review*, *This Quarter*, or *transition* (of which you tell the stories here), simply for their fragments of *Work in Progress*.

I, for one, am grateful for every word you say about André Gide,

Valéry Larbaud, and Jean Schlumberger, ever ready to spring to the defense of your idealistic endeavor with subscriptions, funds, and private readings.

By the way, you know as well as anyone that Gide's *Geneviève* was not a play (p. 211), that Fargue was not one of the official founders of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* (p. 150), and that Musset's famous line, which Valéry claimed not to understand, does not read as you give it (p. 159).

But such slight inaccuracies would naturally pop up in your conversation, as in anyone's else's. Especially in yours, Sylvia, since you talk of so many disparate things here. What is much more important, you have preserved in your writing the best of your conversation—the gentle, precise tone of voice you inherited from that long line of Presbyterian ministers and took over to Paris during the First World War. No one with such sharp features as yours has ever spoken with such uniform kindness of his friends and enemies.

What a shame that so many are gone who contributed to the exciting literary life of those days! Adrienne Monnier would particularly have reveled in your account and, inviting a group of writers to her apartment, would have celebrated its appearance with one of her incomparable roast chickens preceded by the familiar *quiche lorraine* that you have forgotten to mention.

Your recent honorary doctorate from the University of Buffalo, while it can't altogether substitute for such intimate ceremonies, has the advantage of telling a larger public how you served, during those twenty years until your friendly shop was closed by Nazi intervention, as an ideal cultural ambassadress for things American and British. Even though "comparisons are odorous," as your partner's Dogberry says, it is hard to imagine a British Council or a USIS doing so effectively what you did in our beloved Sixth Arrondissement. I wish I could think of a way of reviewing your fascinating book.

Cordially,

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

Philosophy's Knight-Errant

WILLIAM BARRETT

MY PHILOSOPHICAL DEVELOPMENT, by Bertrand Russell. *Simon and Schuster. $3.75.*

The story is told that when Alfred North Whitehead and Bertrand Russell were collaborating on *Principia Mathematica*, Whitehead one day interrupted their session with a remark that he had been puzzling over for some time: "You know, Bertie, there are two kinds of people in the world—the muddle-headed and the simple-minded. I am muddle-headed; you, Bertie, are simple-minded."

Whitehead might just as well have said "introverted" and "extroverted," though the terms were not then coined; but it was, in any case, a moment of oracular insight on Whitehead's part, to be confirmed by the later careers of the two men. They came out of the same intellectual background, had much the same intellectual training, were products of a thoroughly homogeneous English culture, and they were intense and close collaborators for ten years; yet, when their collaboration was over, Whitehead went off on his own to build an intricate, almost labyrinthine philosophical

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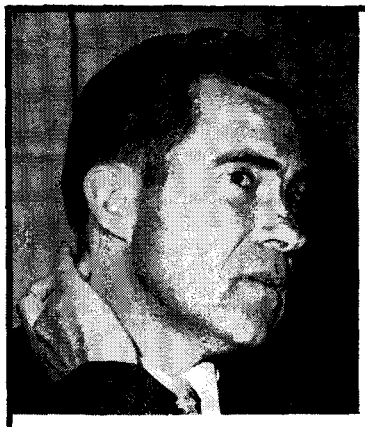
system, while Russell continued uninterruptedly and beautifully "simple-minded" to the end. (The term is descriptive, not pejorative.) Their histories suggest that a man's philosophy, as his total way of seeing the world, is something like a personal fate, inextricably bound up with his own individual bent of mind.

IN HIS eighty-eighth year, Russell's simple-mindedness, as shown in this book, is as unshakable as ever. Though he candidly admits to what he thinks now were his own philosophic errors in the past, Russell is just as unable as ever to see any virtue in philosophies that take a radically different point of departure from his own. In summing up the themes of sixty years of philosophizing, Russell is hardly an old man who has abdicated from the

wars. He is still the knight-errant of philosophy, wielding the sword of polemic with an undiminished vigor and dexterity. Can one ever quite imagine Bertrand Russell as an old man?

There is good reason for this polemic: in contemporary British philosophy, where Russell once held the center of the stage, he has been superseded by the figures of G. E. Moore and Ludwig Wittgenstein. As an old warrior, Russell does not take this treatment lying down, and he makes no bones about saying that the direction which the younger British philosophers are now taking is all wrong. The issues he raises are not likely to be settled, if they ever are settled, for some years. It is still too early to say what Russell's permanent contributions to philosophy are and what his rank in the history of philosophy will be. He has taken so many tacks and turns in his long and checkered career that it is even difficult for



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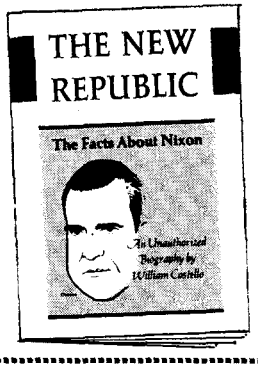

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himself in this book to make any unified summing up. But even if the Russell era in philosophy has passed, as some of the younger British aver, and his eventual reputation as a philosopher drops sharply, he would still have to be reckoned as one of the truly great men of this century.

This greatness lies in the direction of the French *philosophe* of the eighteenth century—the bold initiator of ideas, the rational critic of society, champion of an unpopular justice, and the gay wit. Indeed, there is something altogether of the eighteenth century about Russell, a quality in which he rather resembles, though in other respects they are worlds apart, the only other indubitably great Englishman of this century, Winston Churchill. Both have a strangely archaic quality in the modern plebeian jungle, and yet both have been so thoroughly immersed in the modern world that few other contemporaries can claim to have lived so at the height of their times. Both have an aristocratic gaiety of mind, and an obvious relish of life. It must be something of a trial for the "good" people to see Bertrand Russell, this irreverent man, living so long and so energetically, and obviously having such a high old time of it.

THIS BOOK contains a number of fairly technical chapters dealing with matters of logical theory. Though they are written with Russell's usual lucidity and do not go very much into technical detail, they will probably be of most interest to the student of philosophy. Russell could hardly write an intellectual autobiography without attending to such logical matters, since the one book he has written, or collaborated on, that is bound to last is the monumental *Principia Mathematica*, which attempted to derive the whole of mathematics from pure logic. This is something of a paradox in Russell's career: though as a human being he has been a celebrated and controversial figure before the popular mind, his most important work is of a technicality that closes it off from the average person. *Principia Mathematica* opened the door upon a new branch of inquiry, mathematical logic. But here too the sons have moved beyond the father; the developments within mathematical logic since the work of Russell and Whitehead have been such as to return mathematical logic itself to the departments of mathematics. Here and there a few holdouts still teach this subject in the philosophy departments of the universities, but they are obviously out of place, and they are not doing the really important work. Russell still argues for his own older view—that mathematics can be derived from pure logic—but his arguments seem much weaker now against the course of historical development that has made mathematical logic itself a branch of mathematics.

For the general reader there are two chapters that will probably prove most interesting as a revelation of the human side of Russell's thought: III, "First Efforts," which includes extracts from a boyhood diary of 1883 in which Russell confesses the first waverings in his religious faith; and XVII, "The Retreat from Pythagoras," which traces the guiding thread of his life as a movement away from the magical belief in the eternal world of mathematics toward the human world of the here and now. The diary has a painful Victorian seriousness about it, altogether different from the apparently flippant surface of so much of Russell's writing; and in recounting his departure from the world of mathematical abstraction, Russell tells how during the First World War he used to watch young men leaving in troop trains to be slaughtered on the Somme, and felt himself "united to the actual world in a strange marriage of pain." Both chapters should remind us of the serious human purpose, beneath all his witty and mocking pages, of the man Bertrand Russell.

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Saints and Grasshoppers

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE, by Morris L. West. *Morrow. $3.95.*

In *The Golden Legend,* a thirteenth-century compendium of the lives of the saints by an Archbishop of Genoa, James of Voragine, we see saints as we like to see them—far, far away. They are drawn and quartered and cast into boiling oil, and here is one carrying his severed head in his hands, still praising the Lord. Or here are gentler images: a rich man gives his cloak to a beggar and it is Christ standing there who smiles and thanks him; a rosebush flowers in the winter snow. These saints, many of them cases of mistaken identity or simple misprints, these miracles, these deaths touch us only as poetic symbols of charity and devotion. They are, as the pious say, "edifying." Sometimes they are not even that; sometimes they are merely delightful: Carpaccio paints St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins massacred at Cologne, but when we see his painting in Venice, we are taken with the anachronism of the four-poster bed in which the frail girl modestly lies dreaming, the gentle Umbrian hills she never saw, and, after all the years, the colors fresh and clear. We want to keep the saints in the paintings, in the statues on the cathedrals, in the legends, in the past.

We do not want them here. Perhaps once or twice in a lifetime we come into the presence of someone whose purity of purpose and selflessness, never proclaimed but almost physically evident—a manner of transcendental artistic integrity—suggests the, to us, intolerable possibility of a human sanctity directly related to the love and perception of God. When that happens, we flee. Rarely, however, do the hounds of heaven bay so close. Usually our feeling about sanctity in the contemporary world is no more than a vague discomfort.

IF THE PRESENCE of sanctity is to be tolerated at all in the novels we read, we require that it be handled with greatest dexterity, that is to say with card tricks and sleight of hand —here it is and here it isn't, now you see it, now you don't—and preferably in foreign lands. Thus Dostoevsky, the first among modern writers to impose the subject on our consciousness, profited by the fact that he could envelop it in all the exacerbated tensions of the famous Russian anxiety. We were willing to accept the presence of anything, even of sanctity, in the murderous and lustful, humble and pure complications of the Russian soul. Dostoevsky had the added tactical advantage of being anti-Rome. The Italian Fogazzaro too was unorthodox; *his* saint was condemned for modernism. That helped. But the assistance, too closely connected with past controversies, has not proved of lasting value. Then came the French. In Claudel, particularly in his great *The Satin Slipper,* sanctity, swept along in a lyrical torrent, came somehow to be inseparable from the ocean, Columbus and the discovery of America, the memories and pride of the Cid, the conquistadors, the stars over Africa. In Bernanos, particularly in *The Diary of a Country Priest,* sanctity was a man lost in impenetrable darkness who, as if he had seen the first sun set on the first day of creation, stubbornly clung to his faith in some improbable promise that it would rise again on the second. Meanwhile, who could measure the night? In Mauriac, sanctity was something that interfered with and occasionally won out over the curiously passionate interest in property and sex that prevails, according to this author, in the sun-baked vineyards and sandy pine forests of his native Bordeaux region and the Landes. There followed the British. British diplomats always speak Foreign Office French, grammatically impeccable, fluent, and delivered in such a manner as to indicate the speaker's pride in being British. And every so often British writers, too, learn French. George Moore often wrote as if he were translating, ever so gracefully, from the French. And today it is hard to believe that

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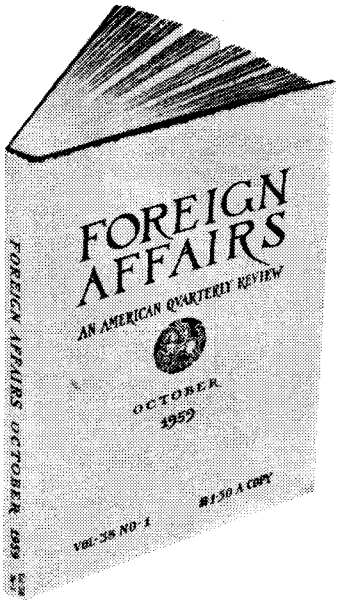

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Graham Greene is not aware of what the French novelists have accomplished in the technique of presenting sanctity to the unbeliever. In Greene, sanctity is inseparable from pity. It is only through his misery that man attracts God's attention. From Dostoevsky to Greene, sanctity is never wholly orthodox.

FOR ONCE, Morris L. West, the Australian author of *The Devil's Advocate*, has gone straight to the textbooks for his definitions of sanctity. His awareness that the Church is as uneasy at running suddenly into a saint as we are is new and refreshing. The Church too wants its saints stylized; it permits no eccentricity; it imposes a pattern, reasoned and sensible, to which they must conform and to which, in modern fiction, they seldom do. The Church is determined that any future *Golden Legend* shall be solidly documented. Mr. West's novel is the account of the investigation by the devil's advocate, an Englishman dying of cancer, aimed at disproving the claim of a Calabrian village that it has acquired—as an addition to such earlier religious mementos as a marble priapus in a cave—the mortal remains of a Christian saint. The saint, a stranger, was shot by Communists in the closing weeks of the war. The Vatican's English envoy discovers that the stranger was English too, a deserter from the British Eighth Army, and that the witnesses to his sanctity are a drunken parish priest living in sin, an English woman and an English homosexual vying with each other in pursuit of the British deserter's illegitimate son, and an agnostic doctor. The author knows Calabria, and not just through Norman Douglas; the story moves swiftly, with no trace of either mawkishness or deadly Chestertonian jolliness; it will hold the unbeliever's attention.

And why not? Mankind rockets up its saints toward God and they never return with the information we would like; yet perhaps this attempt, made again and again throughout the ages, is not so very much less interesting than that of today's space men—who in the measure of infinity will never be more than grasshoppers leaping and tumbling in the tall grass.

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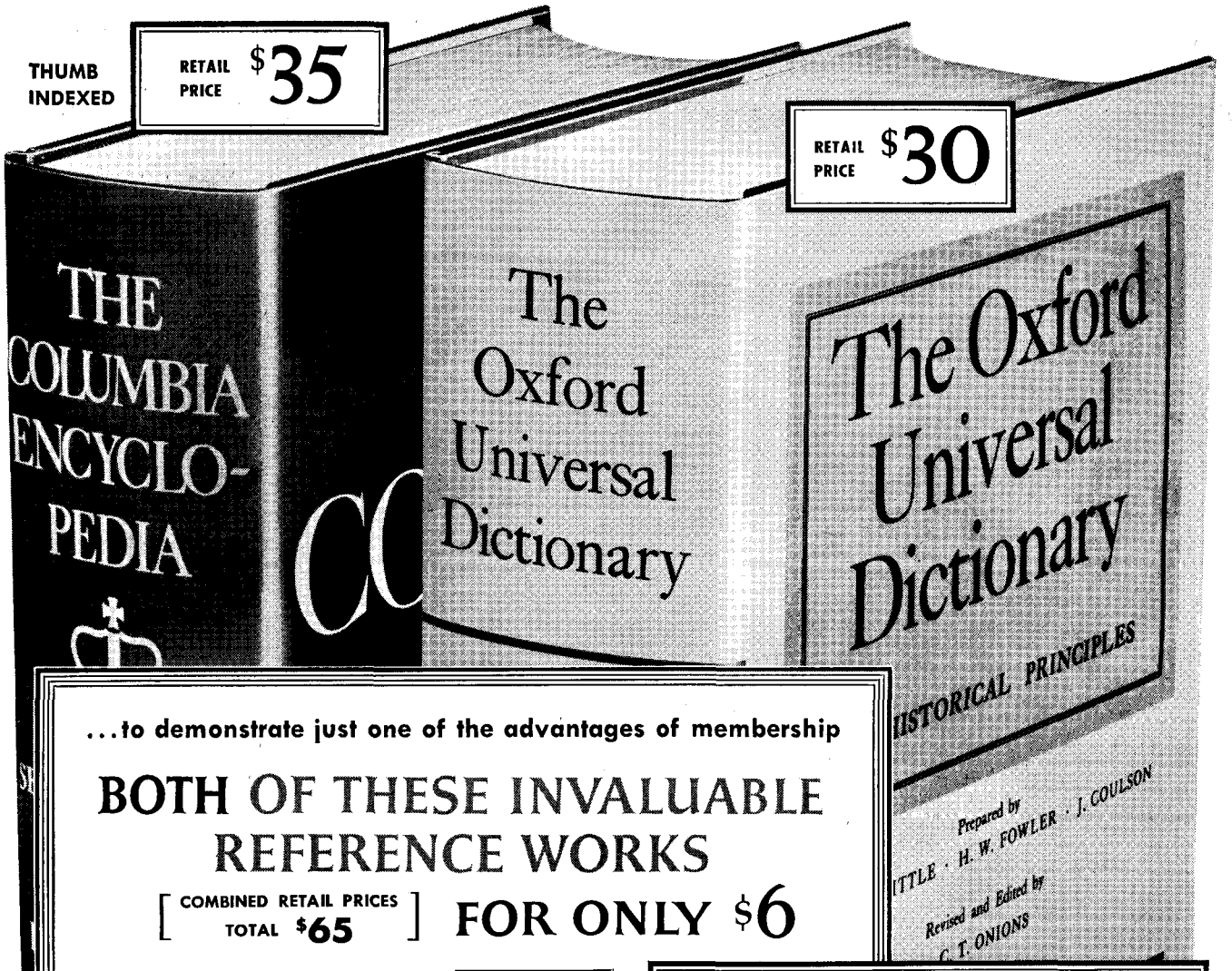

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